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JAKE KILRAIN AND THE UNKNOWN-PAGE ILLUSTRATION

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 581
Price Ten Cents.



SET FIRE TO THE BED.

THE AWFUL MANNER IN WHICH MRS. MARY WILSON, OF NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., SUICIDED.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

—THE—
HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE POLICE GAZETTE,
Out Thursday, Dec. 6, 1888.

An Elegant Colored Supplement, suitable for framing, superior to anything ever before produced, will be given free to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE with
NO. 537.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

THE SYNDICATE'S GRAND BLUFF.

The syndicate, who made a proposition some time ago to back an unknown in a match between our champion, Jake Kilrain, and subsequently issued a challenge to that end, have, it is scarcely necessary to say, put themselves in a very unenviable position by their refusal to ratify the said match at the meeting for that purpose in Montreal, Canada, on Wednesday, the 17th inst. There was positively no excuse whatever for their action. They had pledged themselves before leaving New York, in the presence of several reputable witnesses, two of them being representatives of the press, to offer no obstacle to signing the articles, and even boasted that they would arrange the match "the quickest on record." The representative of Kilrain's backer was perfectly reasonable in refusing to ratify the match unless the unknown was named at the time of signing the articles, or his name written upon a slip of paper and enclosed in a sealed envelope, this to be kept by the referee and opened by him at the ring. His object was simply to prevent the syndicate from having two or three men in training and selecting one of them on the day of the fight, which would give the unknown's backers a decided advantage in the match for the championship. The action of Kilrain's representative was in strict accordance with the code of the prize ring, and the refusal of the unknown's backers to name their man after having pledged themselves to do so, was an indication that their intentions respecting the match were not conceived in good faith.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Jake Kilrain and his backer for the determination they have shown from the inception of the proposed match with the unknown, to carry out, with the utmost good faith, the object for which the \$5,000 was posted in the office of the New York *Herald*, in Paris, and the further sum of \$2,500 was deposited with the *Sporting Life*, of London, and \$2,500 with the New York *Clipper*. They came forward like men at every stage of the negotiations for the match, and the failure of a satisfactory termination of said negotiations was wholly the fault of the syndicate who proposed to back the unknown.

The POLICE GAZETTE does not propose to enter into any controversy on this subject. Nothing can be gained by an idle discussion with men, who have shown a disposition to do nothing but talk, and who do not mean business.

But it is unnecessary for us to presume to censure them for the despicable conduct which they manifested at the last moment of arranging the match with Kilrain and the unknown. Every fair-minded sporting man will concede that their action at Montreal proves that they are not honorable men, and that any further attempt to negotiate with them for arranging a match with Kilrain and an unknown would be simply a waste of time. Kilrain's backer, therefore, will in future completely ignore any attempt on their part to arrange a match with an unknown, or to have any future dealings with them whatever. In arriving at this decision he is confident his action will be heartily endorsed by the entire sporting public.

MASKS AND FACES

Lydia's Legs--Fairies of the Footlights.

"THE STOWAWAY."

Assorted Anecdotes--"Mr. Barnes, of New York."

COULISSE AND CURB.

When Miss Lydia Thompson receives that big envelope in "Penelope," and takes out of it a very small love



epistle everybody in the audience is rather surprised. We expected a big letter to come from a big envelope.

In the same way, when we heard and saw the burlesque company of Lydia Thompson extensively heralded, puffed and paragoned we were led to expect great things.

After witnessing "Penelope," a mythological agony in three acts by Stephens and Solomon, we were both surprised and disappointed.

The plot is insane. The wit is leaden. The business and jokes are antediluvian.

I'll admit that Lydia Thompson, though she hasn't voice, has intelligence and shapeliness.

I'll grant that Marie Williams was pretty and graceful and all that in her scant steel-gray costume.

I'll not deny that Florence Brandon and Ella Carrington did their dances neatly.

I'm perfectly willing to allow that Lillie Alliston, for a heavy woman, is artistically light of foot and gay of manner; that Aida Jenoure sings acceptably, and that Millie Marion is a winning sort of a creature, but--

Ah, that disjunctive conjunction, I'm afraid, spoils the picture.

You see the professed comedians of the company, Kellerher, Radcliffe, Kenney, formed such a wet blanket blank trinity of dullness, that they made me forget all about the girls and their dancing.

I was so bored that I honestly wished that the whole company had remained on the other side.

Among the men, the character mimics, the Pylades easily carried off the honors with their specialties.

The day has gone by for second-rate companies from across the sea.

Our well-known burlesque attractions here are way ahead of this.

Our appointments are more elaborate, our scenery and costumes richer, our songs and gags of more recent date, our legs more shapely and our voices more eloquent.

I'll grant that Lydia's legs are fine (my friend Cynic whispers something about pads), but the show is--be so good as to choose your own particular adjective and fill out my sentence.

I could not but think of some of our own burlesquers as I witnessed these importations.

I thought of our footlight fairies as they are scattered all over this broad land of ours.

There's jolly Fay Templeton, and plump Marie Jan-



sen, and pert Anna Boyd, and dark-eyed Pauline Hall, and saucy Bertha Ricci.

There's Louise Montagne, and Carrie Perkins, and Annie Perkins, and Jennie Yeamans, and Lolie Fuller--please don't think these two ladies love each other,

though I do put them so close together on paper--and Georgie Parker, and Laura Burt.

There's Lena Merville, and Alice Harrison, and Annie Myers, and--

Well, those are what we call burlesquers here, and Lydia hasn't one as good--with the exception of Marie Williams--in her whole company.

Business is brisk in the variety circles.

Lydia Yeamans made a hit in Pittsburgh.

Maggie Cline, with the "Little Houston Street" song, catches on every time.

Laura Bennett goes with Pat Rooney.

Bella Bowers did well in Minneapolis, Minn.

Lillie Morris made a favorable impression at Los Angeles, California.

Maud Earlington, I hear, was a favorite in Peoria, Ill.

Alice Dillon proved a card in Richmond, Va.

May Howard was a big attraction at the London, New York.

Baroness de Belleville, in three songs and various costumes, seemed to please the auditors at Koster and Bial's.

Louise de Luisi, in character songs and dances, is said to have been a success at the Bowery.

Kitty Allyne had a rousing welcome last week at the Eighth Avenue Theatre.

Did she sing those lines the other night or did some other footlight favorite?

No acids do in kisses lie:
Who would for honey kisses barter?
Yet when one comes to say "good by,"
Then kisses are the cream of "ta, ta."

I looked into "Mapleson's Memoirs" again the other day.

He has a good deal to say of the vanity of some of the singers who were in his employ.

On one occasion, he tells us, the vain and eccentric Ravelli was cast for the lover's part in "Il Rinnezo." In the second act it happens that the tenor and baritone fight a duel.

In this there was no novelty. But instead of the tenor killing the baritone, the baritone puts the tenor to death, and this struck Sir Ravelli as far too new. He appealed to operatic traditions, and asked in an excited manner whether such a thing was heard of before.

"No!" he exclaimed, answering with vigor his own question; and, he added, that though he was quite ready to take part in the duel, he would do so on condition that not he, but his antagonist, should be slain. It was useless to explain to him that in the story upon which the opera was based, the character represented by the tenor perished, while the baritone lived on.

This, he said, was just what he complained of. "Why," he indignantly demanded, "should the tenor's part in the opera be thus cut short?"

It was impossible to get the infuriated man to hear reason on the subject. He cried, screamed, uttered oaths, and at one time threatened to kill with his dagger not only his natural enemy, the baritone, but every one around him. "I will kill them all!" he shrieked.

After a time, by humoring him and agreeing with him that in a well ordered operatic duel the tenor ought of course, to kill the baritone, I got him to listen to me; and I at last contrived to make him understand that there were exceptions to all rules, and that it would be generous on his part to overlook the species of indignity to which he was asked to submit, the affront offered to him not having been intended as such either by the librettist or, above all, by the amiable composer.

It was settled then that Ravelli was to be killed. But what, he wished to know, was to be done with his body after death? The proper thing would be, he said, for six attendants to enter, raise the corpse and carry it solemnly away to a place of repose.

It was absolutely necessary to promise Ravelli that his mortal remains should be removed from the stage to some quiet resting place by six corpse bearers, the number on which he set his heart; and he was honored, if I remember rightly, with the funeral he had stipulated for at the last rehearsal.

How's that for vanity?

Augustin Daly entertained M. Coquelin at supper at Delmonico's the other night. There were a variety of courses, of guests, of languages, of yarns.

James Lewis got up and paid this anecdotic tribute to Coquelin.

An anecdote, though it may not have much pertinence, somehow or other always goes down when told over almonds and raisins after a good dinner.

"The last time I saw M. Coquelin," said Mr. Lewis, "was in the green-room of the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris during our first visit. I was made up for the Professor in 'A Night Off,' and he said I looked so much like his old tutor that I made him shudder. A friend of mine who saw me act in Paris said I reminded him of Coquelin, because I was so different. I think that was sarcasm. I never had the pleasure of seeing M. Coquelin on the stage, but I have been warned about him. Perhaps you don't catch the idea.

The year I voted for Andrew Jackson I was travelling with a small company acting in rural towns. In one village one afternoon after I had put up my traps at the local hotel, I asked the landlord where the theatre was.

"Waal," he replied, "we ain't azackly got no theatre but there's a buidlin' up yonder where they give performances. It used to be Temperance Hall, but they call it Grand Opera House now."

"I went 'up yonder' and found a marble yard. A man was chiseling 'In memory of' on a tombstone.

"Where's the Grand Opera House?" I asked him.

"Right back of the marble yard," he replied.

"Where's the stage door?"

"You'll find it just behind the third tombstone on your left."

"Well, I got on the stage at last. The carpenter was up on a ladder fixing a bit of scenery. I threw a ten-penny nail at him, just to attract his attention. He looked down at me over the rims of his spectacles, and something in my personal appearance seemed to fascinate him.

"Is your name Lewis?" he asked.

"I told him it was."

"Oh, I've been warned about you!" he exclaimed.

"How so?" I asked wonderingly.

"They tell me you're first-rate."

"Well, I've been warned about M. Coquelin, and they tell me he is first-rate. I'm sorry I don't know more French. Vive le Coquelin!"

Frank Daniels, in "Little Puck," amused the auditors of the People's.

Charles L. Davis, in "One of the Old Stock," held the attention of the audiences at the Windsor.

Robert Buchanan has written a poem in honor of Cora Tanner.

Grace Thorne is playing with Robert Mantell.

Mrs. O'Sullivan Dimpfel has left "The Paymaster."

Her husband wanted to go on the stage one night, and the manager wouldn't allow him. Hence a row and a rupture.

William Winter, critic of the *Tribune*, last week distinguished himself by comparing comedian Coquelin to minstrel Backus.

Mr. Abbey got mad, and has taken his ad from that paper in consequence.

Winter is a great friend of Irving, and Irving is no friend of Coquelin.

That's the true inwardness of that criticism.

Charles Coote, who makes the artistic hit of "Fascination," is to be provided with a play of his own by Manager Rosenquest.

Coote used to play Nat Goodwin's part last season, on nights when Nat Goodwin was indisposed, and did it so well that the star's absence was not missed.

On seeing the "Stowaway" at Niblo's, the other night, I found it to be a good old-fashioned melodrama with all the modern improvements.

There is a villain who tries to kill off his rival cousin, a young wife whom the villain murders, a philanthropic young woman who loves the cousin, a couple of toughs, a newsboy, a faithful servant.

There is an exciting, realistic safe robbery, a strong scene on a yacht, a stereotyped reconciliation and an all-ends-well-sort-of-a scene for a climax.

The house was large and enthusiastic.

Mark Lynch was effective as the villain.

Helen Weathersby was commendable, though not remarkable, as the injured wife.

Leonora Bradley, as the adopted daughter with a taste for the slums, did her part satisfactorily.

Wm. McVey and R. J. Moye, as partners in crime, were good.

Harry Hawk, as *Dicky Dials*, "The Stowaway," was artistic and amusing.

But the hit of the evening was made by Marion Elmore, who, as *Chuck*, a newsboy, fairly captured gallery and orchestra, and deserved all the applause she got.

It's worth going miles to see such capital work. I don't know an actress on our stage who can impersonate a boy of this class better than that big-eyed girl.

Her diction, her gestures, her face when selling her papers, was a study.

Bravo, Marion!

The first performance of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at the Broadway summoned a fashionable audience to that be useful play house.

Mr. Gilmour, who played *Barnes*, was free and easy.

I didn't like his eye-glass.

Miss Emily Rigel, who enacted the fiery *Marina Pook*, a woman intent on avenging a brother's death, was surprisingly fascinating.

The work of Mr. Vanderefelt as *Lieutenant Asstruther*, the supposed cause of that brother's death, did his part well.

The scenery was exceedingly fine. The sky and water effects were artistic and beautiful.

The artist Goatcher, and the author Gunter, were loudly called, and bowing responded.

Dion Boucicault, with his white flaxen hair and cadaverous face seemed to be one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the play.

Mrs. Gernon, was all that could be desired as the scheming mamma.

Frankie Kemble got plenty of hands for her acting of the fresh young daughter.

Isabella Evesson looked pretty as the lady love of *Barnes*.

F. F. Mackey was the conventional stage villain.

Ralph Delmore was the incarnation of a Corsican intent on vengeance.

But, somehow or other, the play didn't seem to catch on.

It would be a pity if Mr. Barnes were not well received in New York.

You know the old saying, however.

No man is appreciated fully in his own country.

I find that my colleagues of the press make all kinds of uncharitable and ungallant comments on Lydia Thompson's age.

"The age of actresses," says J. M. Morton, who knows, "is one of those things which, if a few fellows find out, a tremendous number quarrel over. Maggie Mitchell is now a little over fifty. Madame Ponisi is just turned the half century. Aunt Louisa Eldridge is fifty, looks forty, and feels thirty. Mlle. Mars acted ingenues at eighty. Mlle. Dijasat at seventy. Modjeska plays *Juliet*, though she's a grandmother, and Mrs. John Drew plays *Lady Teazle*, although she has only arrived at the frivolous and immature age of sixty-six!"

Now that we have Daly's "Lottery of Love" in town, a hit in three acts at mothers-in-law, I am reminded of Mr. Teddy Solomon's verse on the much discussed topic.

It runs like this:

Oh, woman of immortal awe,
Mother-in-law,
Oh, creature of prodigious jaw,
Mother-in-law,
Wherefore dost thou linger?
Composer and singer,
Would gladly hail thy flight
To cerulean light,
Mother-in-law!"

ROSEN.

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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.



J. Stricker.

The portrait we present this week is that of J. Stricker, who is better known to the baseball world as "Cub" Stricker. He is a Philadelphian by birth and commenced his baseball career in that city in 1878, making his debut as a substitute on the Athletic team. At present he is a member of the Cleveland club, although he played a number of seasons with the Athletics and also with several first-class minor league clubs, the champion Athletics of the Southern League being one of them. He has distinguished himself this season with the Cleveland club, and the chances are he will remain with that organization so long as they remain in the American Association.

Norman Baker, of the Newark, is desirous of spending the winter in San Francisco. There are a half dozen other fourth-rate players who would like to spend the winter in the same place, but the chances are that the walking will be much against the contemplated trip.

Kinslow, of the London club, felt quite confident that the \$150 he was fined would be remitted at the end of the campaign, and he told all his friends that it was all right, but it proved all wrong. The \$150 that was looked for never came, and Kinslow quit the season very sad at heart.

Frank Graves is very desirous to go to California this winter, but there is one obstacle in the way, and until that is obviated he will remain in New Orleans. It is simply the old, old story—he has not got the price.

It is very evident that there are no games of baseball played on Sunday in Augusta, Me., as the Congregational clergyman boasts that he has not missed a game in that town this season.

The New Orleans people contemplate selling enough of stock to pay off all back salaries. They want to go slow, or they will go into the soup for next season.

Burdock has not startled the country this season with his brilliant work, and the chances are he will do the bench warming act so long as he remains with the Brooklyn club.

Valentine is about the only umpire in the country who has the record of fixing the whole team, or nine men at the same time. The Washington club were very much displeased with his ruling and they were not slow about showing their contempt, whereupon he fined Captain Meyers ten dollars and all the rest five.

Stars do not always shine the brightest, especially when they recognize their own brilliancy, as the Cincinnati and Baltimore clubs discovered after they parted with their shining lights.

The Brooklyn will not give up the ship. They got pretty close to it this year, and they are in hope of catching on next year.

When Deacon White spends a cent it is like hitting a target and all the electric bells in the country ring simultaneously.

"Reddy" Mack thinks because he mastered ball playing and made a success of it he can conquer any other enterprise he chooses to embark in, so he has added his pockets, thrown out his chest, and launched forth as a plunger at the races. He may last a little while, but when he takes a drop he will set down so hard that he is liable to break the crystal.

Lonz John Reilly got spiked by Kerins and by the time he swung his eyes down upon his hoofs there was no one within ninety feet of him.

If ever there was a good, whole-souled, big-hearted fellow, that man is Curry Foley. He had a little hard

luck once, but he did not blame the lady, as he said it was her misfortune and not her fault. All women are fickle and passionately fond of money. Curry would have been well fixed if it had not rained, but the clouds cried the day he was to have had his gigantic benefit in Chicago and the big tear drops fell all over the ground. If you want to read a chapter on hard luck just purchase the history of Foley's life.

George Smith's broken wrist is merely a sample of the gentlemanly style in which the game is played.

The Boston people are wondering if Von der Ahe will have any men for sale next year. Yes; he can sell two-thirds of his players, and so long as he retains Comiskey and Latham he can keep on winning the championship each year. What Comiskey does not know about baseball is not worth knowing. He can pick up almost any kind of a "slob" and make a star ball player out of him.

Sheffer, of the Detroit, has got a long head. He knows what it is to eat snowballs in the winter, so he guards against it by soaking nine-tenths of his salary away each week in bank, and never drinks or smokes unless some less prudent individual is kind enough to extend an invitation. He is just made of the right kind of stuff for a rich man.

That fine young fellow, Arthur Whitney, of the New Yorks, my dear boy, whom you say has not had much experience, has been playing baseball professionally for about twelve years to my knowledge. If you only knew one-hundredth part as much about writing up the game as he does about playing it, you would hardly be guilty of the bad break you made about his not having had much experience.

That rising young player Ezra Sutton has been doing great work for the Rochester club this season, both at the bat and in the field. He is the twin colt of Methuselah, with whom he first learned to play ball. It was a great blow to Ezra when Methuselah, his playmate, cashed in his chips, and for several seasons, so ancient history informs us, he retired from the arena.

McGuire is playing a game now that makes a big lump rise up in the throats of the Detroit and Boston people every time they think of what they had and could have had, but allowed to slip through their fingers for the want of judgment.

It has been discovered that the ex-president of the International Association, Mr. E. S. Cox, of Toronto, is nothing like as black as he was painted, and the entire baseball fraternity rejoices in the discovery.

Nearly everybody that backed St. Louis against the New Yorks gave up all claim to the money after the first five games.

It is not all ball players that are prudent, and there are but few who can show a balance on the right side at the close of the season. Money easily earned is easily spent, and you will find this the case all the world over, and not that we are speaking from experience.

The Kansas City people seem to be made of the right sort of stuff. They have lost money hand over fist on baseball, and still they stick to the national game with as great a fascination as grim death to a dead nigger. They dropped in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars this season, still they haven't got enough, and will go at it again next year with renewed vigor.

Corkhill and Fennelly were great ball players while they played with the Cincinnati club, but now since they have gone elsewhere they are everything that is vile. Ask the Cincinnati papers if you don't believe me.

They laughed at Mutrie when he made his bet with Munson that the New Yorks would steal two bases to every one stolen by the St. Louis Browns in the world's championship series. If they keep on as they have begun the chances are they will come nearer winning five to one.

They had to make it an object to Fred Pfeffer to get him to take the Australian trip. Ten dollars per month and board is, of course, big pay for a ball player, but then Fred is pretty badly stuck on himself, and that is worth considerable more, so it was counterbalanced by giving him the score card privilege.

Jim Hart talked very loud about taking a team to California this winter, but since he has caught his engagement to manage the Standard theatre of the Cream City, he has let his Pacific Slope project drop like a hot potato. It makes no difference how many baseball players eat snowballs this winter so long as his own nest is feathered.

Morrill tried to boss Quinn, but the kid wouldn't have it, and managing Captain John had to draw in his horns.

CHAMPION WRESTLERS AND ATHLETES.

Elegant Cabinet Photos of all the Famous Wrestlers and Athletes, in costume: size 4x by 6x. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

It was bad enough for the Jersey Citys to have the Newark beat them out in the championship series, but it was a bitter pill to swallow when they were beaten in four games out of five in the so-called series for the championship of New Jersey.

New York gave St. Louis such beautiful black eyes by taking four of the first five games played in the world's championship series, that the champions of the American Association were blind as bats when they stumbled up against the Brooklyn last Sunday at Ridgewood Park, where they got done up to the tune of 17 to 1.

The chances are great of the baseball season being shortened by at least a month next year, as it will save spring and fall when championship games in the exhibition games with minor league clubs are utilized in Nutrie is a firm believer in doing one thing at a time and nothing could induce him to take chances on injuring one of his players in a game with the Brooklyn club the day previous to starting in upon the world's championship series.

Spalding has had a bellyful of selling players, and it is hardly likely that he can be induced to sell any more. He has not only been abused out of all character by the Chicago people, but he has been compelled to make his Australian trip with a second class team. They started off with flying colors and a big hip-boom-lah. The All-American team were beaten badly in the first two games played, but it made the grand touring party look very tame to see the great Chicago beat 8 to 5 by the little minor league club of St. Paul immediately after the Chicago had beaten the All-American team.

The great slugger, Tip O'Neil, can be had for a liberal sum of money. He will strengthen any team in the country, while the chances are that he will not weaken the St. Louis club in the least. Besides their famous pot luck, they have a way of pulling themselves together and getting there that takes the whole bakery.

It is claimed that Hugh Nicol has \$10,000 worth of real estate in St. Louis. Oh, come off. What next will you be springing on us. Nicol is playing in luck when he gets a square meal in St. Louis.

Some pretty lively guessing has been done as to the disposition of certain players next year. There is no harm, however, in guessing, and if it does the scribes any good let them go ahead, as it will in no way be injurious.

JUNE.

HIS HORSE TRAMPLED ON HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lawrence Harris, whose family reside in a small suburb of Columbia, S. C., has long sought to win the heart of Miss Minnie Hammond, only daughter of D. H. Hammond, one of the wealthiest planters of the country, and the acknowledged belle of the village. The young lady received his attentions with the coldest indifference. Harris, however, has visited Miss Hammond's home daily for the past week. When he called Wednesday evening she declined to see him. Harris swore to be revenged.

On Friday night he rode to the Hammond residence and asked for Miss Minnie. He was told that she had just left for the church, about a mile and a half distant. Harris at once started off in pursuit and overtook the party about three-quarters of a mile away. He put spurs to his horse, and, yelling to the others to get out of the way, madly ran over the young lady, knocking her down. The horse trampled on her. She was terribly cut and bruised in various parts of the body. Harris escaped, but armed men are scouring the country for him, to lynch him if they catch him.

A SCENE NOT ON THE BILLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A scene not down on the bills took place recently at the Grand Opera House, Columbus, O., during the performance of Hanlon's "New Fantasma." In the last act Mr. Roccardi, one of the performers, makes an attempt to jump from the stage into the audience. By means of a wire attached to his body he is raised by a pulley and jerked back by men behind the scenes. While attempting the act this night the wire broke while Roccardi was in the air, and, clearing the heads of the members of the orchestra, he landed among the occupants of the first two rows in the parquet chairs, causing a shout of horror to go up from the audience. No one was seriously hurt, Roccardi escaping with a sprained ankle.

ROTTEN EGGED THE JUDGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Judge George W. Lubke, of the State Circuit Court, St. Louis, Mo., was the victim of a disagreeable assault Monday morning at the hands of Henry Weigel. While on his way to open court the Judge suddenly found that he was being made the target for a lot of rotten eggs, hurled with deadly precision by a gray-bearded German about 62 years old, who drew his supply from an old tin bucket which he carried. Eggs after eggs struck the bewildered magistrate on the head and back of the neck, and before he could recover from his surprise he presented a pitiable sight. The odor was something frightful, and Judge Lubke and his companions, who had caught a few of the stray eggs, hurried to the Planter's house to be fumigated.

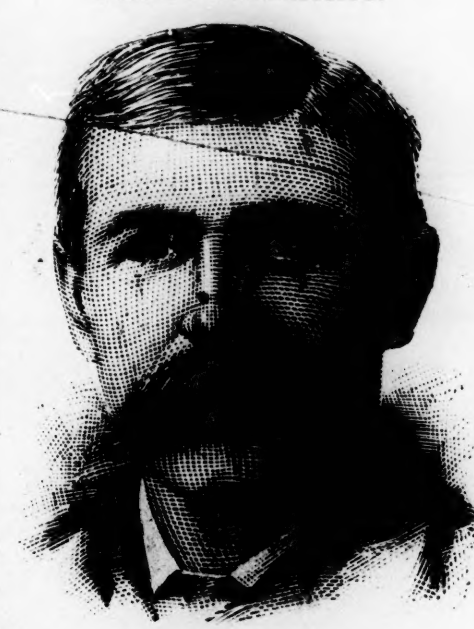
THE BALLOON CAUGHT FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There were several thousand people present to witness an ascension recently made by Prof. Mortimer at Rome, Ga. The balloon was being prepared for the ascension and filled rapidly with smoke. When it was red hot the ropes were cut, and she shot rapidly upward, with Mortimer on the trapeze bar. When about 2,000 feet high the balloon commenced to career and behave badly. Mortimer climbed up the ropes to the mouth of the balloon and discovered it to his horror to be on fire. The balloon began to burn fiercely and gradually descend to the earth, amidst the yells of thousands of throats. When a few hundred feet from the ground it began to descend more rapidly, and just before she touched the earth Mortimer jumped out on a plot of grass and was unhurt, save a few bruises.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men of All Sorts Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Alvin W. Weikert.

Alvin W. Weikert, Chief of Police of Harrisburg, Pa., whose portrait is above, was born in 1850, in the southern part of Pennsylvania. He was a carpenter by trade, and has resided at Harrisburg twenty years. When the present Democratic Mayor, Dr. John Fritchev, went into office, April 1, 1887, Mr. Weikert was sworn in as lieutenant of the police force; the following October he was promoted to the position of Chief. He has won golden opinions for his manliness and courtesy to all with whom he has had dealings. "Al," as he is called, is popular with everybody. He is a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, both of Lodge and Encampment, also of the Knights of the Golden Eagle. He is a man of fine physique, 5 feet 10 1/4 inches in height, and weighs about 178 pounds. Harrisburg is proud of its Chief.

Henry Cook.

On another page may be found the ugly physiognomy of the wretch Henry Cook, who was the engine of the Lehigh Valley train which ran into the special excursion train at Mud Run last week, causing the destruction of sixty or more lives. The full particulars of this terrible disaster were published in last week's issue.

Charlie Gillespie.

On another page we publish the portrait of Charlie Gillespie, alias Hatfield, who is now confined in jail at Ironton, O., charged with the murder of Randolph McCoy. Gillespie is a member of the notorious Hatfield gang, whose deadly feud with the McCoy family on the border of Kentucky and Virginia has been detailed in previous issues of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Harry Morris.

Whose radiant countenance forms one of the tions of another page, is known throughout the breadth of this continent as one of the of our German comedians. He was formerly with Daniel Sully in his "Corner Grocery." This season he is with the May Howard Burlesque company, of which he is the proprietor, and which, under the management of Thomas E. Miacco, has met with unprecedented success in every theatre in which the company has appeared this season.

Hugh J. Gallagher.

The frightful catastrophe at Mud Run, Pa., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was fully detailed in the last issue of this paper. Hugh J. Gallagher, who fired the engine which ran into the special excursion train, is alleged to be in conjunction with Henry Cook, the engineer, answerable for the awful sacrifice of human life on that occasion. Gallagher's photo appears on another page, and we are confident it will be found a most interesting addition to our collection of criminal pictures this week.

Frank Koehler.

On the night of May 1, 1888, Frank Koehler, an escaped convict from Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., as alleged, loaded two dynamite bombs and planted them against the walls of the residence of Attorney F. H. McClintock of Union City, Pa. He then deliberately lighted the fuses of both, but fortunately only one exploded, otherwise the damage, which was considerable as it was, might have been more extensive and serious. As it was, the whole front of the house in which McClintock, his wife and two children were sleeping, was wrecked.

ROBBED BY HIS SERVANT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

David Blodgett, of Waterbury, Conn., keeper of a noted resort in that city, went to bed last Sunday on the ground floor of his house. Some time during the night a thief, presumably from footsteps outside the window, a woman, entered the house by a window and stole \$30 in money, a \$250 gold watch and diamonds to the value of over \$1,000. A domestic formerly employed by Mr. Blodgett was suspected, and her room was searched. Nothing was found there which compromised her except her shoes, which fitted exactly the marks found in the vicinity of Mr. Blodgett's house.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York city, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ONLY 25 CENTS FOR THE PAIR.

Don't fail to send for the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman or Harrison and Morton. Only 25 cents for the pair.



HARRY MORRIS,

THE INIMITABLE COMEDIAN NOW WITH THE MAY HOWARD BURLESQUE COMPANY.



FLORENCE ASHBROOKE,

THE TALENTED ACTRESS, MEMBER OF GILMORE'S "TWELVE TEMPTATIONS" COMPANY.



A SCENE NOT ON THE BILLS.

ACTOR RICARDO'S BLUFF JUMP FROM THE STAGE INTO THE AUDIENCE AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.



THE WOMEN SCREAMED.

A GANG OF PICKPOCKETS GO THROUGH AN EXCURSION TRAIN NEAR WABASH, IND.



ROBBED BY HIS SERVANT.

A PRETTY DOMESTIC PLAYS THE BURGLAR BY BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE OF HER FORMER EMPLOYER AT WATERBURY, CONN.



THE BALLOON CAUGHT FIRE.

PROF. MORTIMER MEETS WITH A VERY THRILLING ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN MID AIR AT ROME, GA.



FRANK KOEHLER,

ALLEGED DYNAMITE BOMB FIEND, NOW AWAITING TRIAL AT ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.



CHARLIE GILLESPIE,

A MEMBER OF THE NOTORIOUS HATFIELD GANG AND MURDERER OF RANDOLPH M'COY.



HIS HORSE TRAMPLED ON HER.

HOW LAWRENCE HARRIS TRIED TO KILL MISS MINNIE HAMMOND NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C., FOR REJECTING HIS PROFFERS OF MARRIAGE.



ROTTEN-EGGED THE JUDGE.

GEORGE W. LUBKE, JUSTICE OF THE STATE CIRCUIT COURT, ST. LOUIS, MO., BECOMES THE VICTIM OF AN ALLEGED OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.



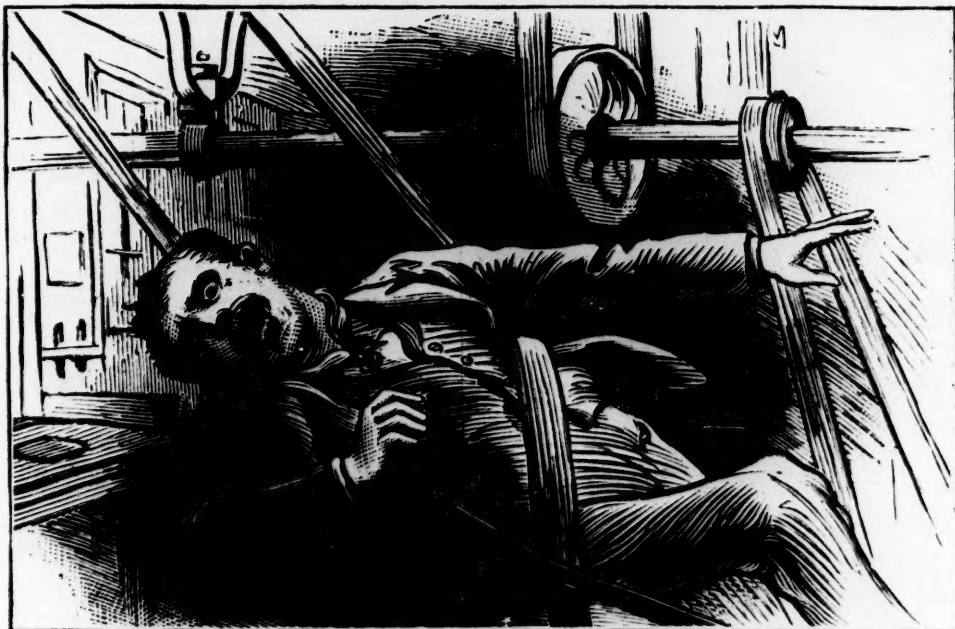
THEY PUT QUINN OUT.

A PARTY OF RAIDERS INVADE DISTRICT ASSEMBLY FORTY-NINE'S HALL AND TOSS THE MASTER WORKMAN OUT OF THE WINDOW.



WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?

HOW A BELLIGERENT EASTON, PA., WOMAN PUNISHED A SALVATION ARMY CRANK WHO HAD A PENCHANT FOR MASHING GIRLS.



MANGLED BY MACHINERY.

CHRISTOPHER PETERSON, A NIGHT WATCHMAN AT GREENVILLE, MICH., SUFFERS A HORRIBLE DEATH BY BEING CAUGHT IN A CONVEYOR BELT.

HE FELL.

Startling Allegations Concerning the Rev. Mr. Hooper, of Mott Haven, N. Y.

HIS RESIGNATION ASKED FOR.

The Trouble arises in Consequence of a San Francisco Divorce Case and Charges of Immorality.

A CHURCH REVOLT.

For the past two weeks there has been a volcanic feeling among certain members of the Mott Haven Reformed Church, corner of Third avenue and 148th street, New York city. There was a decided difference of opinion between them and their pastor, the Rev. John F. Hooper, as to his further usefulness as the shepherd of their flock. In fact, it had gone so far that the consistory (the church board of managers) requested Mr. Hooper's resignation.

On Tuesday the city press published words to the above effect, and closed with Mr. Hooper's statement as follows:

"It is not true that my resignation has been asked for. So far as I know, only two families are opposed to me. When they found out they could not run the church they tried to run me out of it. Now I would not resign if the entire congregation requested it. I went to California to fight the divorce suit and stayed there over a month, but it was repeatedly postponed. My money gave out and my church wanted me back. The suit was liable to drag along for a year, and as I had no means to fight it, I allowed a compromise by which the case went by default, and I got the custody of my eldest boy. The church knew of this trouble with my wife when they engaged me. I have the highest testimonials from my former church in Kingston from which I resigned three times before they would let me go. St. Paul's church is more prosperous now than it ever was before, there is more money in the treasury, the edifice has been renovated and \$1,000 spent on improvements, and still we have over \$3,000 on hand. All this has been brought about during my nine months' pastorate, and I see no reason why I should resign. As to charges of immorality, they never have been brought and never will be. In a foolish moment Prof. Curtis made a statement which he has since retracted. I would make it hot for any responsible man who dared to make such charges. There is absolutely no foundation for them. I honestly believe the majority of the church people want me, and I propose to stay by them. I have not resigned, neither will I resign."

Two members of the consistory were interviewed, and they deny for themselves that they were aware of the true nature of Mr. Hooper's family relations when he was engaged. They stated that a meeting of the consistory would be held this week; that if a complaint was made by them to the classes, which will meet in ten days, and by them sustained, Mr. Hooper would have to go.

The clergyman is a man of action, as his statement indicates, and if aught militates against him, it is his want of action in not treating in a summary way those who are making these serious statements. Among other responsible parties who have published these statements is the *San Francisco Chronicle*, under date of Aug. 28, 1908.

The heading is outrageous if not true, and is as follows:

A REVEREND MASHER.

John Francis Hooper Gets Into Trouble.

DIVORCED FOR CRUELTY.

His Wife, Carrie, Tells Some Frightful Stories About the Clergyman.

Rev. John Francis Hooper is no longer a married man. His wife, Carrie, freed him yesterday from the burdens of benedictine life by obtaining a divorce on grounds of extreme cruelty.

He is a noted man. Noted not only as a clergyman, but as a noted man. Noted not only as a clergyman, but as a noted man.

a Petaluma

Hooper is a man of experience.

Mr. Hooper is now in town; he came to New York to oppose his wife's suit for divorce, but a promise was effected, by which he got one of the children, the eldest boy, and she got her divorce without opposition. The reverend gentleman might have been seen in Judge Hunt's court room yesterday morning arrayed in the conventional black suit of the clergy. He is of medium height and of rather handsome face. His manners are as smooth and his voice as silvery as is the proper thing with the young and popular pastor. Mrs. Hooper was there, too. She is about twenty-eight years old, perhaps two years younger than her spouse, and all his ill-treatment has not been effectual in wiping out traces of early beauty.

Mr. Hooper's record as a lady-killer is one to be envied by every masher that graces the cigar-stands along Kearny street. He once preached to the good Congregationalists of Martinez. He was liked much—in fact, too much. It was because of this muchness that he left that beautiful town. It surely is not a minister's fault if the girls will insist upon engaging

BARBERS, SALOONKEEPERS, ETC.

Barbers, saloonkeepers, clubs and others should not fail to keep the *POLICE GAZETTE* on file, as their patrons will be anxious to keep posted on the coming great fight between the "Police Gazette" champion, Jake Kilrain, and the unknown. If you have no newsdealer, send \$1.00 to the office and the *POLICE GAZETTE* will be mailed to you regularly for thirteen weeks.

themselves to him. What can a man do under the circumstances? So, as the testimony in the divorce case shows, he calmly acquiesced in fate's decree and smiled on two at once. * * *

There was too much love at Martinez at last, so he accepted a call to Stockton. There a widow's heart broke for him when he returned one day from Petaluma with his real, sure enough wife—Miss Carrie Case, daughter of A. B. Case.

This was too much for the expectant widow, so she told on the Reverend John Francis. Her telling

her rather than have her visit her mother again. He was "finicky" about his meals, and had a pet way of sending his plate hurling along the floor loaded with meat, if the meat was not cooked just to his taste.

A letter was introduced in testimony, which had been written by Dr. Jacob Chambers, the family physician, at the request of Mr. Hooper, in which Chambers declared that the family difficulties were due to the physical condition of Mrs. Hooper and the influence of her mother.

The reverend gentleman's answer denied all the



MAKING A RECORD AS A MASHER.

brought the Martinez maidens down on him, and he was brought before the Congregational Society, and was, to put it mildly, excused from further attending upon the Congregationalists. He left Stockton with his young wife and was not heard of until a few months since, when his wife returned to her father's house at Petaluma with her children and asked to be taken in.

The story she told, and that upon which her complaint was based, is a pitiful one. She says that her husband has an absolutely ungovernable temper. He gets angry on the slightest provocation, and in his fits of rage turns white and stamps up and down the room like a caged lion. Once he was lowering a window while in an abstracted mood, thinking no doubt of the girls he left behind, when the sash dropped on his dear little hand, and he fell from grace with an awful thud. Words were used by the Kingston pastor, his wife says, which were not to be found in the church creed. Then his

charges, and declared that he had always been a good, kind and faithful husband.

FAIR PAPITA LEAPED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Silver City, Mont., correspondent sends a story concerning the remarkable escape of an Indian from a bear by jumping from a steep precipice. Hank Slicer, a well-known hunter and trapper, while out for big game saw the bushes in a state of violent agitation at two points, a slight figure in flight and a big black one in hot pursuit. It was impossible for a half a minute to tell what the mischief was up, and the old man, who had instinctively started toward the scene of the commotion at the first sound, kept his weather eye wide open and his finger upon the trigger of his Winchester. Presently the figure emerged from the briar bushes, and still under full headway, dashed over the open



"HE KICKED HIS LITTLE GIRL UNTIL SHE FELL TO THE GROUND."

anger demanded some more material manifestation, so he lifted his foot and kicked out glass, sash and all of that off-nding window.

His children were not exempt from his anger for one day, his wife says, upon some foolish provocation he kicked his little girl until she fell to the ground, and there he continued to kick the little one.

He called his wife by the classic names of "she devil," "bitch," "devil," etc. He objected to her visiting her mother after she had returned from a visit to her parents in this State, saying that he would shoot

ground, covered with mossy rocks, that led to the edge of the canon, and Hank saw that it was Papita, the fifteen-year-old daughter of old Half-Breed Jim, flying for dear life from a big cinnamon bear that was fairly making a swath through the briars in pursuit, and was now not more than two rods behind her. Both were

FAMOUS PUGILISTS.

Elegant Cabinet Photos of all the Famous Pugilists, in ring costume, size 4x6 by 6 1/4. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

going as if the Old Harry was after them, and, of course, it all happened almost in the flash of an eye. From the reckless way in which the girl ran toward the edge of the canon old Hank was sure she either didn't know it was there or was so frightened she had forgotten, and yelled out for her to stop, but it was too late. She cleared the brink and disappeared into the yawning depths of the dark canon with a wild shriek that fairly made the hunter's blood thick with cold horror. He was near enough to hear her body strike and break the limbs of a tree whose top was just visible from where he stood, and then so, bumping and rolling, down the rocky, almost perpendicular side of the canon. Luckily she escaped with a few bruises.

MARRIED IN A TREE TOP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The first country dance of the season took place at the farm house of Elisha Crandall, in the town of North Stonington, Conn., Thursday night. There was nothing peculiar about the dance itself, but it developed into a somewhat romantic wedding. It is customary for the youths and maidens of these sylvan parts to make a night of it on such occasions. An unusually large party was present Thursday night. The circuit minister, the Rev. Mr. Jay, arrived at Mr. Crandall's house on his "Jerusalem pony," to await the coming of the Sabbath, just before the festivities of the evening began, and he immediately took off his coat and joined the other two musicians, scraping a fiddle.

Among the party present were Miss Miranda Ellsworth and Jeremiah Simpson, an engaged couple and likewise a quarrelling one. Jeremiah took exception to his Miranda's giving William Chesbro, a former rival, three numbers on her programme, and they had several tilts. It was after 5 o'clock in the morning when the musicians hung up their fiddles, and the feeling between Miss Ellsworth and Mr. Simpson had become so pronounced that the Rev. Mr. Jay, noticing it, decided to accompany the couple to Miss Ellsworth's home and endeavor to reconcile the two. The trio left on foot, as is the custom of the country lads and lasses. On the way a young Texas steer of ferocious instincts was encountered. He drove the party in trees along the wayside. They had hardly cleared the ground when the steer run-rhed up with a terrific bellow. The animal ran around and around the trees, bellowing and kicking until the air was thick with dirt and dust. A half hour passed, but no relief came. The steer still stood guard. Thinking this an excellent time to reconcile the couple, the dominie began. His work was done, however, almost before he had begun. Love had conquered, and, frightened almost to death, the couple desired to be married there and then, thinking they were about to meet a horrible death. The minister complied. The lovers could barely join hands from their various forced positions; but they got a grip, however, and held it while Mr. Jay read the marriage ceremony from his impromptu pulpit in a third tree. Thus the twain were made one.

SHE WAS ATTIRED IN SPOTLESS WHITE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Louisa A. Moore, wife of Joseph T. Moore, a produce dealer of Oakfield, N. Y., committed suicide at her home on Mill street, a few mornings since, by shooting herself. She was found dead in a sleeping room up stairs. The spectacle that met the eyes of the physicians when they entered the chamber of death was shocking. There, upon the floor, robed in white, spotless except for the blood that stained the drapery, lay the corpse of Mrs. Moore, life having evidently departed some time previously. The body lay upon a quilt that had been carefully spread over the carpet, and the head rested upon a pillow. By the side of the body was a small rifle, with which the deed had been committed. The ball had entered the left breast, piercing the heart, and had probably caused instant death. That the act was the result of deliberation seemed obvious from the circumstances. Mrs. Moore's domestic life had been unhappy, and she had apparently decided to release herself from the marital ties. Before committing the deed she had carefully attired herself in white, evidently with the idea of preparing herself for burial.

THEY PUT QUINN OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Friday night District Assembly 49's quarters in Pythagoras Hall, this city, where ex-Master Workman James E. Quinn had installed himself, was invaded by fifteen or twenty persons, and it is said that Quinn was forcibly ejected through a window. George W. Dunn and James J. Daly both say that Quinn was lying on a wire mattress, covered with a comforter and copies of Tim Quinn's *Solidarity*, in an alcove of the office. Quinn, they both say, cried out: "For God's sake, boys, don't hurt me!" Thereupon Fitzgerald, one of the invaders, took him in his arms, carried him out by way of the cigar store, and planted him on the cold sidewalk. Quinn was clothed in his trousers, shirt and stockings.

PEOPLE MADE HAPPY.

They Win in The Louisiana State Lottery.

San Francisco was among the lucky cities in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Three tickets brought small fortunes to three families.

"It was funny how I came to get in on this drawing," said L. Zacharias, who won \$5,000. "My wife was sick, and I left my house, 329 Sutter street, to get something for her at the grocery store. While I was there a man came in with two lottery tickets. I thought I'd take one, just for fun. The next day the drawing took place and I was just \$5,000 richer. It came in handy, for we've two invalids at our house. Yes, I got the coin, and I'll take good care of it too."

Three people won a one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000. It was like this: Louis Indig, the milkman, living on Gunnison avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, bought a ticket numbered 21,025. One of his customers, Mrs. Aleck McGee, living on Perry street, near Fourth, wanted a chance in the lottery, and asked Indig for his ticket.

After some coaxing, the milkman gave it up, when Mrs. McGee said it was for a lodger, Robert Vought, who works at S. & G. Gump's store. The ticket won \$5,000. Vought got married, gave Mrs. McGee \$1,000, and moved to 231 Fourteenth street.

"Seems to me," said Mr. Indig, "I'm the only man I know who bought tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery last month without winning something."

The third ticket was sent by a man here to a friend in Washington Territory. All that they won has been delivered.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Oct. 6.

VERY DRAMATIC.

The Circumstances Surrounding the Murder at Little Conestoga Creek.

WAS JEALOUSY THE CAUSE?

One Theory for the Mysterious Slaying of Pretty Mrs. Dillinger.

A FATAL LOVE LETTER.

LANCASTER, Pa., Oct. 18.—A year or so ago the wife of Calvin M. Dillinger, of this city, while mending his coat, found a love letter in the pocket, with a photograph of a handsome girl. The letter was signed Mary Catherine Aston, and the portrait was of the same person. Mrs. Dillinger learned that the girl was the 16-year-old daughter of Isaac Aston, a reputable citizen of this city. She made her discovery known to her husband. From that time he treated her cruelly, and once attempted to kill her with a revolver. Subsequently he told her that he had married the Aston girl, but that he could compromise the difficulty for \$100. Mrs. Dillinger had money, and she gave her husband the amount to save him and herself the disgrace of exposure in the case of Mary Aston. Mrs. Dillinger afterward learning that her husband was maintaining his intimacy with the girl, obtained a divorce from him. Dillinger soon afterward married Mary Aston, and they removed to a farm on the Fruitville turnpike, about two miles north of Lancaster.

At about 7 o'clock on Friday morning, the 5th inst., as a crew of trackmen on the Pennsylvania railroad were on their way to their work at Rohrestown, three miles west of Lancaster, and were crossing the bridge over the Little Conestoga Creek, between Dilleraville and Rohrestown, one of the men saw a dark object lying on the bank of the creek, a few yards below the bridge, and remarked that it looked like the body of a man. The handcar was stopped on the bridge, and Andrew Gans made his way down the high and steep railroad embankment. When he reached the spot where the dark object lay he shouted to his companions:

"It is a dead woman!"

It was the body of a handsome, girlish looking woman. Her dress was torn open in front. Her long hair was loose and lay in wet and disheveled masses around her face and shoulders, and on the grass, and was filled with sand. In her hands she clutched tufts of grass mixed with sand. The eyes were half open, and the clothing was much disarranged. The body lay on its back, the feet being only a few inches from the edge of the water. The mouth and nostrils were filled with sand.

In the soft margin of the brook were the imprints of a man's shoe, and the marks of a woman's shoe. There were evidences of a struggle on the bank. The body lay at the side of a fallen tree trunk. The spot where it was found is on the Dunn estate. John Gamber, the tenant farmer, lives an eighth of a mile away. Seven buttons, which had been torn from a jersey the woman wore, were found scattered about in the grass. Two or three steps away a gold-plated horseshoe scarf-pin, set with imitation diamonds, was picked up. In the creek, fifty yards below where the body lay, and caught by the low-hanging branches of shrubbery, a stylishly-trimmed straw hat was found. On a paper in the crown the word "Dillinger" could be deciphered. The woman's clothing in front was soaked with water, but the back part was dry. The creek in the deepest part, at the spot where the dead woman was found, is not more than three feet in depth. There were no marks of violence on the dead woman. Dr. Bolentis, of Lancaster, made a post-mortem examination, and in his report declared that death had been caused by drowning. The body was removed to the dead house of the almshouse hospital.

About 11 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 2 Mrs. Mary Catherine Dillinger, carrying her 14-months-old baby, appeared at the house of Mrs. Margaret Bauers, on West New street, this city. She said to Mrs. Bauers that she was going to her brother Will's, and subsequently exclaimed:

"Cal whipped me last night and I have left him. Must I live with him? Oh, I cannot!"

Mrs. Bauers asked her if her husband was in the habit of whipping her.

"He does it every other day," she replied. "He habitually amuses himself by taking a hot poker and pressing it against the baby's hands. If she cries he beats her. He heats the lamp chimney until it is hot, and holds it against the baby's face, and if she cries at that he whips her. I must defend my child, and then he beats me."

On Wednesday evening, the 31st inst., Mrs. Dillinger went to the house of her parents, in South Queen street, Lancaster. She remained all night. On Thursday afternoon she went away, saying that she was going back home. A short time after she went away her husband called at Aston's. He was looking for his wife, and was extremely angry because he did not find her there. He remained at Aston's an hour or so, and then went away. About 6 o'clock in the evening Mrs. Dillinger returned to her father's house. She ate her supper, and then told her mother that she would walk as far as Shenk's toll gate on the way to her home on the Fruitville pike, saying that she would probably meet her husband. If she did she would go home with him and get his supper. If she did not meet him she said she would come back and stay all night. She left her baby with her mother.

"If I don't meet Cal," she said, "I will be back by 9 o'clock."

She did not return. A few minutes before 10 o'clock her husband came again to Aston's. He was dressed in the suit he was married in. He asked if his wife had been there since. He said he had not seen her.

He remained until a quarter past 11, and then went away, saying that he was going home. At 12 o'clock that night he awakened Mrs. Shenk, who keeps the toll gate between Lancaster and his farm, and wanted to know if she had seen anything of his wife. Mrs. Shenk had not seen her, and remarked to him that it was a queer time of night to be looking for his wife. The next morning, between 6 and 7 o'clock, Jacob Mayer, who was pulling corn in a field along the turnpike, saw Dillinger coming up the pike from the direction of Lancaster, and pass on toward his home.

is a narrow strip of soft ground bordered by bushes bearing the forked "stickers" known as Spanish needles. In this strip of soft earth, on the Monday following the finding of the body, Officer Witlick discovered the tracks of a woman's shoes, and following behind the prints of a man's shoe. The way the heels of the woman's shoes had been ground into the dust indicated that she had been pushed along toward the creek by the man behind her, as if she were holding back and trying to prevent him. A wire fence divides the corn field from this strip. At the lower end of this fence



"IT IS A DEAD WOMAN."

Constables Witlick and Barnhold began to investigate the case of the drowned woman early on Friday forenoon. The news of the mysterious drowning had spread quickly, and Dillinger, who had come to Lancaster in the morning, said that the description of the woman was very much like his wife. He accompanied Constable Barnhold to the dead house, and identified the body as that of his wife. He then went with the officers to the bank of the creek and showed the spot where the body was found, saying, on being asked how he knew it, that he had read of the location in the paper. He said the horseshoe scarf-pin was his, but that he had not worn it for some months, his wife using it to fasten her collar. His shoes fitted the footprints on the edge of the creek. Other circumstances seemed to warrant it, Dillinger was placed under arrest. The officer obtained a search warrant and entered Dillinger's house. They found a wet suit of working clothes on the floor in the front room. A pair of woollen stockings, wringing wet, were found under the porch. A lock of hair, resembling that of the dead woman, was found fast to a coat found in the house. A photograph of Dillinger's wife and one of himself had been torn from an album on the parlor table and thrown upon the floor.

were evidence that some one had been forced over or through the wires. One of the heel marks made by the man's shoes in the soft dirt was broader than the others. They were measured, and the heels of Dillinger's shoes examined. The right heel mark was broader than the left, owing to a tap that had been put on it. The body of the dead woman's dress was full of the Spanish needles.

At a Coroner's investigation, held three days after the finding of the body, Mrs. Margaret Bauers swore that Mrs. Dillinger had no pin on when she was at her house. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that the deceased came to her death by drowning, at the hands of some person unknown. Last night a hearing was given to Dillinger before Alderman Spurrier. He was defended by W. U. Hensel and Jay Hay Brown. In giving his testimony Officer Witlick exhibited a torn scarf taken from the prisoner with hole marks of a scarf pin in its front. It was elicited during the examination that Dillinger was jealous of his wife, and had once declared that "if he couldn't have her no one else should." The medical testimony was that the undigested condition of the contents of the dead woman's stomach established the fact that death must have ensued within three hours, at the latest, after she had

clothes in Dillinger's house, and contradictory statements of his as to his whereabouts on Thursday night. The Alderman reserved his decision until two o'clock yesterday, when he decided that the evidence did not warrant the holding of the prisoner, and he was discharged.

That the unfortunate young woman was murdered there can be no doubt. All the evidence of the dead body and the surroundings show that she was taken by force to the creek and held face downward in the shallow water, pressed even into the sandy bottom, until she was drowned, and then dragged out on the bank. Her person was not outraged. There is no road leading to the spot from any direction, the railroad being the only means by which it can be reached, except through fields. The Dillinger residence and Fruitville turnpike are a mile or more southeast of the spot, with nothing but ploughed fields between. No one has yet been found who saw Mrs. Dillinger after she left her mother's supper table on Thursday evening. The authorities of Lancaster county have not taken any steps toward clearing up the mystery, the investigation that has been made so far being virtually no investigation at all.

SPARKING IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Cupid has had great sport in Tompkins Park, this city, on pleasant evenings of a Sunday for some time past. Recently the interesting spectacle of forty couples, seated on brown settees, breathing tales of love, was witnessed at this charming rendezvous for "spoonery" young men and women. Near the circular structure in the centre of the park sat a maiden of sixteen or thereabouts, clad in a maroon dress, which just reached to the tops of her buttoned boots, a lavender jacket, and a jaunty hat matching her dress, with a raven's wing in the band, and underneath that hat was a pretty face, plump and dimpled. Her tounure was rather pronounced, and jutted beyond the back of the settee, our city fathers, with their usual sagacity, having decreed that these settee backs should have a vacant space just above the seat.

Close beside her sat a youth of equal age, who was gazing into her eye. He held her hand in his, and in an undertone told her many pretty secrets.

Changing her hand to his other one, his arm gently stole round her waist; she seemed unconscious of it; he whispered something and she shyly looked at him, presumably the better to understand his whisper; he inclined his face to hers and "just one" he pleaded—and he hastily took one, two, three.

She then became absorbed in watching the shifting shadows on the walk. He paused a few seconds in admiration of her, and then resumed talking, and she talked, too, in a bashful way.

But presently a very substantial vision intruded itself upon their happiness—a tall, ponderous Dutchman in trousers of ample volume, a jean jumper and a velveteen cap similar to those worn by the drivers of brewery wagons, and he was puffing a long pipe.

"You was here, eh?" he queried, looking at the girl. "You was coome home."

She "boomed."

Her lover strolled away, disconsolate, in the opposite direction, and her father cast a look at her from the park, eyeing her askance and uttering tobacco smoke instead of useless reproof.

Another young couple, after plumping down on two settees and popping up again, settled themselves at last on a third and began to laugh and chatter gaily. The fellow manifested his affection by pulling his sweetheart's hair and pinching her ears. She "te-he-he'd" slapped him playfully, and twittered: "Now, Jamesie, you stop."

But just the same, she didn't seem pleased when Jamesie did stop, and she slapped him some more, whereat Jamesie put his fingers about her neck, pushed back her head and boyishly gave her a loud kiss.

With all the other couples the time was fraught with happiness and sweetness, and most of them didn't leave the park until the broad faced clock in the steeple of St. Bridget's church near by tolled the hour of ten.

"WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Late Monday afternoon a tall, slim, nicely-dressed woman pounced on a short, thick-set man, with long hair and beard, at Ferry and Fourth streets, Easton, Pa., and cried: "Where is my daughter? Where have you taken her, you wretch?" The man offered no resistance, but as best he could between the woman's vigorous shakings he said: "She is in God's hands. I don't know where."

The police arrived and took both to headquarters. The woman proved to be Mrs. Mary Ricker, a respectable widow of Phillipsburg, N. J. The man is Mason Huntzman, age thirty-two, a religious crank who goes about telling people he is a messenger from God. He plies his art chiefly on women. He induced two married women, Mrs. Eliza Berry and Mrs. Jane Howell, to leave their husbands at Park Ridge and live with him in a house there until the indignant people cowbided Huntzman and drove him from the place. The crank had been mashing Mrs. Ricker's daughter, and hence her attempt to punish him.

MANGLED BY MACHINERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Chris Peterson, a night watchman in Anderson & Foster's saw mill, near Greenville, Mich., started the machinery in motion on Thursday night to clear out the sawdust conveyors, and was caught in the conveyor belt and drawn around the shaft above. The engineer went to the mill Friday morning and found it running slowly, the steam being nearly exhausted. The remains of Peterson were found under the shaft on the floor. The body was literally ground up, except a piece of the trunk between the arms and the hips, and one hand.

BURIED BY FALLING ROCK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Several miners were buried by falling rock at the Winthrop mine, Nagaunee, Mich., on Tuesday, and it was feared all were killed, but after strenuous work by their comrades all were rescued except a miner named McCarthy. He was not dead yet, and his voice could be heard from under the dense mass above him. At last accounts it was thought he might be released from his perilous position.

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"CAL WHIPPED ME LAST NIGHT AND I HAVE LEFT HIM."

At the foot of the railroad bank, running parallel with it and a cornfield that extends down toward the Little Conestoga creek to within a few yards of the bank where the dead body of Mrs. Dillinger was found,

WHAT 25 CENTS WILL BUY.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton, size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

eaten her supper. To the great confounding of the Commonwealth's case, Mrs. Bauers swore that Mrs. Dillinger had been to her house the afternoon before her death, and that she then wore the horseshoe scarf-pin. This was opposite to what she testified to before the Coroner. If Mrs. Dillinger had the pin it was impossible for her husband to have worn it on the night of the drowning. The only other evidence the Commonwealth could produce was the finding of the wet



SPARKING IN TOMPKINS PARK.

A PLACE WHICH CUPID HAS MADE HIS FAVORITE STAMPING GROUND, AND WHERE THE STERN PATERFAMILIAS IS WONT TO APPEAR.



MARRIED IN THE TREE TOPS.

HOW AN INFURIATED STEER UNWITTINGLY LENT HYMEN A HELPING HAND NEAR NORTH STONINGTON, CONN.



BURIED BY FALLING ROCK.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF SEVERAL MINERS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE CAVING IN OF A SHAFT AT NEGAUNEE, MICH.



STRUCK DOWN BY HIGHWAYMEN.

A RUFFIAN ASSAULTS AND ROBS MAJOR RUFUS KING OF GOV. GREEN'S STAFF IN NORTH ELIZABETH, N. J.



A SCHOOL TEACHER'S DEMENTED ACT.

PROF. CURTIS B. WILLEY, OF SATAVIA, N. Y., SUICIDES BY DROWNING IN CONSEQUENCE OF TROUBLE.



FAIR PAPITA LEAPED.

TO ESCAPE A HUGE PURSUING BEAR SHE JUMPS FROM A DIZZY PRECIPICE NEAR SILVER CITY, MONT.

PUGILISTIC.

The Journey by Champion Kilrain to Montreal Ends in a Fizzle.

THE UNKNOWN DIDN'T SHOW UP.

John L. Sullivan has recovered sufficiently to take outdoor exercise.

William Gabig, the mysterious boxer of Pittsburgh, is working at his trade, that of cooper, at Albany.

Billy Brannigan, of New York city, and Jack Smith, of Long Island City, fought three rounds, Oct. 7, when the fight was stopped by the police.

Jack Fitzpatrick, the Canadian light-weight, who recently defeated Dougherty at Montreal, is out with a challenge to fight the Belfast Spider to a finish.

Jack Ashton and Jim Felt are matched to box at Providence a limited number of rounds on or about Oct. 25. The battle will be with regulation gloves and for scientific points.

Jack Deasley and Mike Murphy, two Philadelphia light-weights, fought a savage round near Camden, N. J., Tuesday night, when a wrangling ensued that ended in the mobbing of the referee. The stakes (\$250) were divided.

The Australian hint of a challenge for the America's cup will not be likely to disturb our equanimity. It seems to be as much a piece of "bluff" as was the putting up of a "great unknown" to fight such a redoubtable champion as Kilrain.—N. Y. Herald.

There was a fight to a finish with hard gloves in Philadelphia on October 17 between George W. Willis, of New York, and a well-known middle-weight of this city. Willis won the fight and money by a knock-out blow in the ninth round. Time, 35 minutes.

Steve Ackerman and Jack Owens, both of New York, fought in barn near Coney Island, Oct. 17. The fight lasted 1 hour 25 minutes, in which 15 rounds were fought. Owens was triumphantly punished. The purse of \$500 and the battle was awarded to Ackerman. The men stripped at 171 pounds.

Articles of agreement were signed October 19 for a glove contest between Mike Donovan and Jack Dempsey. The match is for six rounds and Dempsey to receive 65 per cent. of the gate receipts win or lose. Palace Rink, Williamsburg, has been engaged for the contest, which is to take place on November 15.

Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn strong boy, has posted \$500 and challenged Jimmy Carroll or Tom Lees, the Australian, for \$500 a side, to meet to a finish, or will spar Jack Ashton 10 rounds for gate receipts, winner to take all. Arrangements can be made with his backer, Frank Stevenson, at 157 Bleeker street.

Con Riley, accompanied by Prof. C. A. Smith, left Friday night for Grand Rapids, Mich., where he will have a 10-round go with Jack Wannon Monday evening. Before leaving for the North Riley signed articles of agreement for a 15-round fight with Jack Riffe, the middle-weight champion of Philadelphia, to come off on or before Nov. 12.

Jack Gallagher of Lynn, Mass., and Ed McGinty of Philadelphia fought 20 desperate rounds with scant 2-ounce gloves in a beach house, at Saugus, early on Friday morning. When time was called for the thirtieth round McGinty threw up the sponge, and the referee awarded the fight to Gallagher. Both men were badly punished. The battle was for a purse of \$300.

Dan Daly, of St. Louis, Mo., one of the best middle-weights in the West and the winner of a half dozen battles, signed articles on October 16 to fight Hugh McManus to a finish for \$1,000 a side. They are to fight with kid gloves in eight weeks. Two hundred dollars forfeit is up. McManus defeated Arthur Flint a year ago, and has been anxious to fight Daly.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, accepted Oct. 17 a challenge from Billy Myers, the Illinois light-weight. McAuliffe is backed by Dick Roche, the St. Louis bookmaker. He posted \$500 yesterday to arrange for a match for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side and the light-weight championship of America. McAuliffe says he will fight within eight weeks of the signing of the articles, at some place within 300 miles of this city.

Frank Steele of Boston, feather-weight pugilist, and James Larkins of Jersey City, have signed articles for a skin-tight glove contest, to a finish, for \$500 a side and an added purse of \$500. Each side has posted \$250. Harry Umlah is behind Steele in the match, and will furnish the purse of \$500 for privilege of bringing off the fight where he selects. The battle will occur in this vicinity early next month. The balance of the stake money is to be placed with the stakeholder ten days previous to the fight. The men are restricted to 122 pounds each and are to weigh 12 hours before entering the ring.

John L. Sullivan was able to talk yesterday, says a Boston dispatch to the Sun. "It will be too bad," said he, "if I cannot get the first crack at this man Kilrain; but I have not given up hopes yet. If I do get the chance it will be because Fox will like to pit Kilrain against it is Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Fox this is a 4-round glove pugilist, and if he cannot knock his opponent out in 4 rounds, London rules, he cannot win. The fight with Mitchell plainly showed this. 'Sullivan' says Billy Madden, who knows him better than any man living, 'is not a long-winded fighter by any means.'—N. Y. Daily News.

A prize fight between Tommy Flanagan, of Cincinnati, and Pete McCabe, of Albany, was prevented on Tuesday night, and not only did the sports get the tip, but the police as well. The selected battle ground was a nice secluded spot on the Riverside drive, for which the party started. They rode up the Sixth avenue road to Ninety-third street, and then made for the grounds under the escort of a guide. A policeman from Captain Berghold's precinct saw them, reported the matter at the station and got a squad of twenty officers out after the party. They were captured nearly in its entirety. McCabe and his trainer were backed up, while the rest were told to light out of the precinct.

Jimmy Ryan of Philadelphia and John Dailey, middle-weight pugilists, have signed articles to fight with skin gloves, to a finish, on or before Nov. 10, for \$500 and an added purse of \$500, and the middle-weight championship of Pennsylvania. The affair is in the hands of a well known sport of the Quaker City, who is soliciting subscriptions of \$10 each to make up sufficient to guarantee the purse and expenses. Ryan for several years held the State championship, but after being defeated by Jack Dempsey, he dropped out of existence and was succeeded by Jack Fogarty. The latter has outgrown that class, and Ryan again aspires for the title. Dailey is promising looking. He has fought a draw with the St. Joe Kid, Denny Kelleher and Jack Burke. The fight is to take place within 50 miles of Philadelphia.

The special correspondent of the "Police Gazette," Mr. George W. Atkinson, of London Sporting Life, cables the following to the POLICE GAZETTE Oct. 19, which will be read with considerable interest by the sporting public:

LONDON, Oct. 19, 1928.

Charley Mitchell was tried at Chichester, to-day, on the charge of participating in a prize fight, and honorably acquitted, there being not the slightest evidence against him. Mitchell was arrested while going from the Goodwood spring meeting with a party of friends, on the flimsiest excuse that an official ever trumped up, and held over in bail to appear Oct. 19, which resulted as stated. Mitchell will leave for America on Saturday, Oct. 20. Everything is quiet in the sporting line here this week. Charley Howell will probably sail with Mitchell and enter in the

six-day race at Madison Square Garden, New York, Thanksgiving week, to be held under Billy O'Brien's management. Have heard of the miserable fiasco at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, and I think Kilrain better let such would-be sporting men alone, they are a lot of bluffers and no good. Young Hyams, that sailed with O'Brien, is a clincher, and will give some of the light-weights a hard battle. I also see stated in the papers that your champion oarsman, John Teemer, the holder of the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, representing the single-oar championship of the world, has started on his way to Australia, via Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and San Francisco. His meeting with Kemp is already creating considerable comment in aquatic circles here.

The statement that John L. Sullivan has been engaged as sporting editor of a New York paper is the talk in pugilistic circles. Jack Kilrain, Frank Stevenson and Richard K. Fox were in the handsomely furnished office of the latter gentleman for several hours Oct. 16, talking over politics generally, and the prospective fight between Jake and the unknown in particular. In response to a question as to what he thought of John L. Sullivan as an editor, Kilrain said, pleasantly: "I don't know why Sullivan shouldn't make a smart newspaper man. He has some good common sense, but he must take more care of his paper than he did of the circus, or it will not be a prodigious success."

"I understand he's going to report all the fights," put in Frank Stevenson.

"Well," said the big fellow, stroking his mustache and smiling, "all I've got to say is that I'm sorry for the fighters."

The fight between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Dacey was as one-sided as a pitcher. Dacey is a clever boxer, but he is not in the same class with McAuliffe. He failed to make the best of his inches, and he never once led at McAuliffe as though he meant to knock a hole in him. He was outgeneraled from first to last. Dick Roche says he will back Jack against any light-weight in the world, and the probabilities are that he will speedily make overtures to Billy Myers, the phenomenal Western light-weight. Billy will then have a chance to know whether he is a real genuine dyed-in-the-wool scrapper or not. McAuliffe says that he would like very much to take the conceit out of Mike Daly, of Bangor, but that he will have to wait until he gets done with Myers. So will Patsy Kerrigan, whose recent good showing with McAuliffe has given him quite a lift in the pugilistic world, and found his backers willing to pit him against Jack in a go to an end. If McAuliffe takes care of himself now there is not a light-weight in the country who has a ghost of a chance with him.

John P. Clow, the Western middle-weight, has left Duluth for Denver, where he will spend the winter. His health has been failing of late, and now he is a mere shadow of his former self. He hopes that the six months he will remain in Denver will completely restore him and that he will be able to enter the ring again in the spring, when it is his intention to once more try conclusions with Mike O'Sullivan. Clow made a brief stay in Omaha last week, during which time he was the centre of attraction in sporting circles, and many expressions of sympathy were tendered him. Speaking of his fight with Conley, he said: "When I entered the ring with Conley I was not in much better shape than you see me now. After my match with him was made and my backer's money up I was attacked by the bronchial and stomachic disease, which has reduced me to such a skeleton. I found it impossible to train, and when I stood up before the big fellow that night I was not able to fight a kitten. But he didn't knock me out. I had lost my strength, but not my cunning." And a smile overspread the man's face. Clow still retains his interest in one of the leading sporting houses of Duluth, and will return there when his health is restored.

Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt, went to Boston on the 14th, and his appearance caused a flurry among the fighters. Patsy Kerrigan and Jimmy Carroll talked fight, and Jack agreed to accommodate them when they put up their money. Since Kerrigan stood up in front of the Brooklyn lad through 10 hot rounds he has felt confident of doing him up in a finish fight. One man promised to back him to the extent of \$1,000, and others agreed to raise the rest of a \$2,000 or \$2,500 stake. Jimmy Carroll has \$500 of his own money which he would like to use in backing himself against McAuliffe. If he can get others to chip in, he will challenge McAuliffe. McAuliffe said: "It isn't my place to challenge any one, for I am the champion, but I want the dust now, and I have \$500 posted to fight any light-weight in the world, Carney and Myers preferred. If any of them want a fight they can cover my money. That will show they mean business. I am all right now, and am in condition to fight. I wasn't last winter, and every day had a word to say about my being a coward. I said then that I shouldn't fight until this fall, and I kept my word. Now I'm ready to meet all comers. I'd like to tackle Carney once more, and show him what I can do when I'm in condition." McAuliffe has gone to Bangor for a week, and on his return he will hear what Kerrigan has to say.

About fifty sporting men went to a popular Long Island sporting resort on Friday night, Oct. 12, to witness a small-glove contest to a finish, between Eugene Hornbacher, of Harlem, N. Y., and George Kline, of Williamsburg, N. Y. Kline did not appear, and Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, volunteered to take his place for a share of the \$300 purse collected for the prize. The Spider only weighed 103 pounds, while Hornbacher was fully 120, and under ordinary circumstances, Kelly's offer would have been thought presumptuous, but Hornbacher's right hand was so puffed up and sore from injuries sustained by his falling on it that the men were nearer matched than would otherwise have been the case. The men fought exactly one hour, during which time fifteen rounds were fought through with. The Spider proved to be very quick and shifty, and from the start to the finish he did the greater part of the leading. He was aware that Hornbacher's right was practically useless except to stop blows with, and this gave him courage that enabled him to make a good showing with a man big enough to eat him. In the earlier part of the fight Hornbacher contented himself with countering his man severely on the nose, and in the second and third rounds he had him bleeding like a pig. By and by the Spider learned better how to evade these counters, and then he took a decided lead, though Hornbacher's superior strength made him very dangerous. The Spider nearly closed Hornbacher's left eye, and in the last round nailed him so hard on the mouth that his lips puffed up and blood was drawn from them. The referee decided the bout a draw, and the purse was divided.

The disagreeable fiasco in the arranging of the match between Jack Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, and the alleged unknown is no fault of Kilrain or his backer. Every concession that was manly and fair was made by the representative of Kilrain's backer to clinch the match and stop the unnecessary banter and gasconade made by the unknown's pretended backers, but it was useless. It was evident, judging from the actions of the syndicate's representatives at Montreal, that they did not mean business and that the syndicate are only trying to gain notoriety and fool the confiding sporting public. The unknown's representatives appointed a place of meeting, as is well known, in Canada, and agreed on their word as gentlemen—heaven save the mark—that they would arrange a match on a business-like basis. If Kilrain and his backer would meet them in Canada. After Kilrain and his backer's representatives made the journey the syndicate agreed to the place of fighting, the time the battle should take place, the amount of stakes, the stakeholder and the referee, who was their own selection, in the morning, and four hours later, at another meeting, they backed out and refused to stand to the agreement they had made and which Kilrain and his backer had accepted. The sporting public can now come to their own conclusions in the matter. Kilrain has been ready to fight, his backer has been ready to arrange a match on fair and equal terms, while the syndicate have been playing a game of bluff, with no intentions of arranging a match. It is doubtful if they have any unknown, or if they have, they are afraid to go ahead and parade him. Kilrain is disgusted with their modus operandi, and no one could blame him if he paid no more attention to their bogus offers and alleged challenges. He journeyed to Canada to arrange the match, and was eager and in earnest to sign articles. Both the "Police Gazette" champion and his friends were led on a wild goose chase to make arrangements with men who were like Jack in the box, and could only act when the lid was opened and could go no further in the matter than the spring would permit.

SPORTING.

Hanlan Not Likely to Accept Searle's Challenge to Row a Race For the Championship.

HONORS TO RICHARD K. FOX.

McCauley says he will fight Lees if some responsible man will go security for the guarantee.

Tom Ray, the English pole vaulter, increased his record recently, clearing 11 feet 8½ inches.

Pat Killen is out with another bluff. He now asserts his willingness to meet Kilrain, London rules, for \$5,000 a side.

The New York Jockey Club, capital stock \$100,000, has been incorporated. The directors are Alfred H. Morris and L. W. Jerome.

Tom Lees, Jack Fallon and Gus Lambert are all out with challenges. Why not see which one will pair off and have it out?

The New York "Evening World" says: "Mr. Richard K. Fox, who arrived Oct. 14, will probably bring the sporting pot to a boil."

P. Davin, champion athlete of Ireland, has challenged the amateurs of America to an all-round contest, for a medal of any value or for "love of the sport."

Joe Sheehy, the champion heavy-weight of Michigan, knocked out Mike Feltz in four rounds, at Bay City, Oct. 11. Sheehy weighed 190 pounds, and Feltz 176 pounds.

Petaluma, Cal., has a deaf and dumb pugilist who wants a go with Kilrain. Here is an opportunity for the road-way syndicate to choose an unknown who cannot split on himself.

Joe Coburn and Mike Donovan have both written Prof. Wm. Clarke of St. Louis offering to box the professor with blackened gloves. Clark has signified his willingness to take up both offers.

Patrick Hines, of Newark, says he has a fighter on his hands, one who will fight anybody in the world at 142 pounds, and that he will back him to any amount between \$500 and \$5,000.

Wright Sanford, one of the most popular and prominent New York club men and the bosom friend of the late Lester Wallack, died at the Gilsey House, Friday morning last, of consumption.

Johnny Murphy, the clever Boston feather-weight, and friend and pupil of Champion Jake Kilrain, has been invited by some gentlemen of this city to meet the winner of the Young-McCarthy contest.

Jack Lewis and Charles Cooper fought for a stake of \$300, "Police Gazette" rules, near New Brunswick, Friday night. Eleven rounds were fought, when Lewis, who was badly beaten, threw up the sponge.

Walter Reeks, naval architect, of Sydney, N. S. W., now on a visit in Boston inspecting the Volunteer and other yachts of Mr. Burgess' designs, intends on his return to build a yacht to try for the America's Cup in 1930.

Young Walton, of Philadelphia, the feather-weight who fought Tommy Warren, Danforth and others at the Theatre Comique, that city, is out with a challenge to fight any 116-pound man in the country for \$350 to \$500 a side.

Dan Custy, of Long Island City, champion light-weight of Queens county, and Johnny Reagan are to box four rounds at Sweeney's Handball Court, Thirty-fifth street and Third avenue, Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, the occasion being a benefit for Custy.

Sam Blakelock, the well-known English light-weight, arrived in this city Oct. 20. Blakelock is a very clever boxer, but he is best at 126 pounds, which is a little light for our men of his class. He would like very much to have a chance at Jack McAuliffe, provided he would not have to give away too much weight.

Champion sculler John Teemer and William O'Connor, of Toronto, Can., have signed articles to row 3 miles, with a turn, over the lower course on the Potomac river, Nov. 24, for \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" challenge cup, which Teemer now holds.

Tom Lees, the Australian, and Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn strong boy, are matched to box ten rounds for gate receipts, the winner to receive 75 per cent, and the loser 25 per cent. The contest will be managed by Frank Stevenson and will take place in this vicinity between Nov. 18 and 20.

The New York "Press" says: "The sporting editors of the New York newspapers feel relieved. Sullivan is not to be one of them, after all. He will only be a figurehead, and 'for awhile' he will have a private secretary. 'For awhile' probably means till John can learn to write."

"The Human Foot," by Wm. Beneke, of Beneke Bros., the celebrated shoe manufacturers, of 109 and 201 Canal street, is the title of a book that this enterprising house has just issued. In it Mr. Beneke gives his readers some sound, practical advice on the proper caring of the feet, which he has made a special study.

Mr. Al Spinks, the bright and talented proprietor and editor of the St. Louis Sporting News, was among the many who called on Mr. Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office to welcome him on his return Monday, Oct. 15. The Sporting News is one of the GAZETTE's leading contemporaries, and covers the Western field in sporting journalism thoroughly.

The Pittsburgh "Dispatch" states that with the great issue of the baseball championship settled, the mind of the sporting sharp turns upon the momentous problem whether John L. Sullivan is lying at the point of death or getting ready for a prize fight with Jack Kilrain. The former seems to be indicated by the fact that he has not recently done any fighting with his mouth.

Mr. John Oats, the prominent sporting man, of Staten Island, will open an elegant cafe and billiard parlor in Stapleton, on October 25, and has decided to name it "The Police Gazette Shadok." Mr. Oats is a promoter of all kinds of sport, especially the manly art. He will have occasional exhibitions of sparring and athletics in the spacious hall attached to his establishment.

Articles of agreement were signed at this office on October 12, between William Johnson, of Vermont, and Jimmy Carroll of Brooklyn, for a wrestling match, collar and elbow style in harness, best two in three falls, for \$500, the winner to receive 65 per cent, and the loser 35 per cent, of gate receipts, the contest to take place on November 3, at Sals Academy, this city. The first deposit of \$50 a side is in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder.

Harry Rogers, Commodore-elect of the American Canoe Association, and Mr. Britton, pursuer of the northern division of that association, have been up to Ottawa for a couple of days last week in connection with next year's meeting. A canoe will be made of either one of two points in Ontario, namely the Rideau lakes or the Thousand Islands, with the probabilities in favor of the latter.

"This has certainly been Tucker's season," remarked a bookmaker recently, in speaking of the owner of Kermesse, Birthday, Roi d'Or and other equally famous horses. His horses and his jockey, Barnes, together with his good judgment of horses, have made him a fortune since the drum first tapped in the spring. He and Bryant have been the two most successful men on the turf this season.

An effort is being made by a number of gentlemen owners of fast horses, living in the towns and cities along the Hudson river between Yonkers and Poughkeepsie, to form an association to promote trotting on the ice during the coming

winter, to be known as "The Hudson River Ice Trotting Association," and to organize under the rules governing the American Trotting Association; give purses and have regular meetings at places along the river between the points named.

Eugene Carter, the billiard expert, has posted \$100 as an earnest of a challenge which he has issued for a public game of cushion carroms, 400 points up, to take place in New York, for \$500 a side, open to any player in America, bar Jacob Schaefer. Carter, in particular, is after George Slosson, whom he says is wriggling out of a match when he snails on its being in private. Carter ridicules the idea of private matches among professionals. "I want a record," he says, "and I'll have it."

Denny Kelleher, the Quincy middle-weight, says the statement made by Tom Lees, the Australian, that he (Kelleher) was afraid to fight him is false. "I've raised two purses for us to fight for, but Lees backed out," says Kelleher. "Then I offered to fight him for a stake, and again the Australian weakened, claiming he could not get backing." Lees has got backing now, and he has put up \$250 in good American coin to fight Kelleher to a finish for \$1,000 a side. Lees can be addressed care of this office.

The Autumn meeting of the West Side Park Association at Nashville will begin Tuesday, Oct. 23, to continue daily (Sunday excepted), to include Saturday, Nov. 3. The races will be run rain or shine, and as there are no stake events, the daily programme will be specially arranged to suit the horses and stables at the track. The bugle call "to the post" has been adopted at Nashville and Lexington and it is certain to be adopted at New Orleans, where the winter meeting will begin on the 17th prox.

Jack McAuliffe's forfeit of \$500 for a match with Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and light-weight championship still remains uncovered. The Westerner has been blithering about fighting Jack for the past year, and now when he is given an opportunity to close on a match he remains dumb as an oyster. What's the matter, Billy? Did Jack's walk-over with Dacey frighten all the fight out of you? If not, come to time and show you meant business when you challenged him.

Jack McAuliffe, light-weight champion, and Mike Daly, the "claimant," had a meeting Oct. 19 at Bangor, Me., over a proposed finish fight for the light-weight championship and \$1,000 a side each. They put up \$500, but drew the money after a long argument. McAuliffe wanted to weigh in at night and fight in the morning, but finally agreed to weigh five hours before the battle. He would not, however, agree to weigh over again in case of a postponement of the fight. Daly would not yield in this particular, and the match was off.

Patrick McGuigan, of Harrison, knocked out Joseph Herold, of Belleville, N. J., on the morning of Oct. 17, in 5 rounds, under Margus of Queensbury rules. McGuigan recently broke his arm in a scrap, and Herold's friends were confident that their man would whip him, but they were mistaken. McGuigan led the fighting from the start, and put Herold to sleep in the fifth round with a blow on the side of the neck. McGuigan weighs 158 pounds, and Herold 157 pounds lighter. The fight took place on the east bank of the Passaic river, nearly opposite Belleville, and was for \$150, contributed by about fifty sporting men from within a few miles of the scene.

A promising thing on the carpet is the match between Mike Cushing and Jack Hopper. It was made at Jerome Park and the men interested are all wealthy. Mike and Jack met before and fought one of the most bloody and desperate battles on record. Hopper won, but he had very little the best of it and none until Cushing broke his left arm. The arm is now mended and strong, and Mike is again ready for big game and anxious first of all to have another shy at Hopper. The latter is not unwilling, but rather the opposite, and as both are now in training it is evident that they mean business. It should be a great battle. Cushing is as game as a pebble. Hopper is also very game and is very clever, and whoever wins will know he has had a battle.

Edward Hanlan has declined to consider the challenge of Henry Searle, of Grafton, New South Wales, to row a race over the championship course, Searle giving odds of \$5.00 to \$1.250. The next opponent of Peter Kemp will be his own countryman, the rising young sculler who failed to get a match with Hanlan. The race is to be rowed on the Parramatta river on the 17th inst., and is for the championship of the world. Searle is proving a wonder in sculling. He has already disposed of all the promising young scullers in the colonies, and in his last race—with J. Stansbury, July 13—he covered the full championship course of 5 miles 320 yards in 19 minutes 45 seconds. He has also defeated Chris Neilson, who went to England two years ago, and who has had aspirations in the direction of championship.

The latest New York attraction is the handsome cafe on Broadway recently opened at No. 1213, three doors south of Daly's theatre. It is a veritable art gallery, being adorned with over \$300,000 worth of picture gems. "Jack" Hamilton is the proprietor. The name of the place is "Jack's," and it is already as celebrated and as well patronized as the Hoffman House Cafe. Everybody knows Jack Hamilton—journalists, actors, politicians, merchants, judges and, indeed, every class of our citizens, and this accounts for the instant "go" of the new establishment. This is the same "Jack" Hamilton who was with the Barnum show for years, later among the most conspicuous of theatrical managers, later still a sporting man, and still later the manager of all the stupendous amusement enterprises on Staten Island, including "Buffalo Bill's Wild West," the "Fall of Babylon," "Nero," or the "Fall of Rome," and others. "Jack's" is one of the features of New York city life, and anyone missing it or missing to pay it a visit loses a sight of one of the greatest standard attractions of the metropolis.

The New York "Daily News" states that there was a great gathering of sporting men at the POLICE GAZETTE office October 15 to welcome Richard K. Fox home after his fourth month's trip to Europe and incidentally to try and arrange for one or two matches. Among those present at one time were: Jake Kilrain, Al Hamm, William O'Connor, John Teemer, George Hopper, Frank Stevenson, Warren Lewis and Frank Bell. Teemer offered to withdraw the \$500 that he had posted with the Tug, Field and Farm and deposit it with the POLICE GAZETTE for a single scull race of from three to five miles with O'Connor, who has been boasting that Teemer was afraid to row him. O'Connor, however, declined even to telegraph to his backer, Rogers, of Toronto, informing him of the challenge. Teemer leaves tomorrow for Pittsburgh, and goes thence to St. Louis, San Francisco and Australia. At the latter place he expects to row with Kemp about the last of March or first of April. Jake Kilrain looks in fine health, although a trifle fat. He reiterated his desire to meet any man in the world, known or unknown; in fact is just itching for a fight. Harry Umlah said that he expected in the course of a day or two to sign articles for a fight for \$500 between Frank Steel, of Boston, and John Larkins, of New Jersey. Umlah used to be Larkins' backer, but they had a slight difference, and now he proposes to back Steel against him.

Ex-Alderman Phil Casey, of Brooklyn, with Mr. Courtney and Mr. Lawler, champion handball players, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office Oct. 17 for the purpose of arranging a match for \$250, open to \$500 a side, but the backer of Courtney failed to put in an appearance, and the arrangements were abandoned. Mr. Casey thereupon posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and stated that he will back Mr. Courtney against any man in the world on the following conditions:

- 1.—The match to be for \$500 a side, to be left open, with the consent of both parties, to \$1,000 a side; \$100 deposited to bind the match; the balance of stake money to be deposited one week before the first match day, either party failing, the \$100 to be forfeited.
- 2.—The match to be the best of fifteen games, twenty-one a set to each game.
- 3.—Each player to have a choice of balls every second game.
- 4.—The man winning the toss wins the hand and choice of balls, also on which court the first series of games shall be played.
- 5.—That seven games be played in the first court and the remainder of the fifteen games on the second court.
- 6.—Neither player to be allowed to leave the court during the progress of the game.
- 7.—Three short balls to be a hand out.
- 8.—A referee to be decided on who shall settle all disputes during the progress of the game.

REFEREE.

The Result of the Battle For the Light-Weight Championship and Its Significance.

A CUSTOM OF OLD-TIMERS.

The result of the McAuliffe-Dacey fight for the light-weight championship should be a warning to pugilists whose ambition runs away with their brains, and who seek to arrange matches in which the men they challenge to meet in the arena completely outclass them. Dacey is able to conquer any light-weight in his class, but he was never in it with McAuliffe, and he must be aware of this fact, now that the battle has been fought.

It must be understood that there are classes in pugilism as well as in racing, trotting and in school. A 2:30 horse cannot beat one that is in the free for all with a record of 2:10, neither can a selling plater beat a Fierzi or a Prince Royal.

McAuliffe is in the first-class among the light-weights, and well worthy to be styled the champion. Next to McAuliffe comes Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., and then another class is reached, and so on down the pugilistic scale.

Among the heavy, middle and feather-weight pugilists there are also classes. Kilrain, in the heavy-weight class, is at the head of the first class; in the second class are John L. Sullivan, Mike C. Conley, the Illinois Giant, and Joe McAuliffe, and they are at the head of their class.

Among the middle-weights, Jack Dempsey is at the head of the first class and a long way ahead of all middle-weights; consequently, to leave out the champions—Kilrain, Dempsey and McAuliffe—the balance in their classes would be equally matched, while if any of the heavy, middle or light weights were matched against the three champions—Kilrain, Dempsey and McAuliffe—they would find themselves outclassed and probably meet with defeat at the present time. It is my candid opinion there are not three men in America able to win in the prize ring, either by contending according to London prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules, against Jack L. Kilrain, Jack Dempsey or Jack McAuliffe, and future matches will prove I am right.

The old-time champions, matchless and invincible in the prize ring according to fistic chronology, surrendered their laurels to new comers. T. M. Hyer, after gaining fistic renown, died of cardiac dropsy, unbroken and unconquered. James, better known as "Yankee Sullivan," was murdered in a San Francisco prison after he had to lower his colors to the once great John Morrissey. The latter, after winning the championship of America by conquering John C. Heenan, the Benedict boy, refused to again make the same journey and retired, leaving Heenan to defend the title, which he succeeded in doing in this country, but the latter failed to maintain the title to the championship of the world in England by making a drawn battle with Tom Sayers, and eventually suffering defeat by Tom King, a pugilist who was Sayers' inferior in the pugilistic line.

Joe Coburn succeeded to the championship after John C. Heenan retired and gained the title by defeating Mike McCool, the Western Giant. Coburn failed to meet the champion in a similar essay, and McCool reigned as the premier, winning battle after battle until Tom Allen, a heavy-weight, came to this country and declared his intention to meet all comers. Allen fought battle after battle with varied success until finally he won the title. McCool, up to his battle with Allen, was the most popular pugilist in this country. He was dubbed King of St. Louis, married a fair-haired Western belle of bewitching beauty and made a fortune. He became a friend to disipation and fell from the high pinnacle of fame, his wife finally leaving him. Added to his troubles was the loss of his fortune, which compelled him to return to his old calling, steam-boating. He died poor in the South.

Tom Allen then flourished until Jem Mace came upon the pugilistic checker board and loomed up as king of the prize ring. Allen had to defend the prize ring championship, as is the custom for all pugilists who hold that title, and the result was that Allen met his Waterloo.

Allen's defeat knocked him from the top rung of the pugilistic ladder, and Mace succeeded to the championship, which he held until Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, came to this country. The latter had not Joe Wormanid, who also had aspired to the title, and while the battle they fought at Lyndell, Mass., was broken up by the police, O'Baldwin gained the stakes and the championship by Wormanid's running away to Canada, where he died of delirium tremens. Mace and O'Baldwin were matched, and met in a ring, but owing to the failure of either to secure a referee the match ended in a fizzle, and later Ned O'Baldwin was killed in a sport ng h use in West street, while he was wrangling with his partner.

Joe Coburn again loomed up as champion and challenged Jem Mace. They fought at Bay St. Louis, and the battle ended in a draw. Mace then retired and Joe Goss came to this country. Tom Allen, who had been on the shelf for some time, challenged him to fight for the title. They fought in Kentucky and Allen lost by a foul, which left Goss champion of America.

Paddy Ryan, of Troy; Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn; Jimmy Elliott, of Brooklyn, and Joe Goss were then aspirants for the championship. Elliott and Dwyer fought for the title; the latter won and retired, leaving Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss to wrangle over the championship. A match was arranged, and the battle between them at Collier's Station, W. Va., resulted in Ryan's victory. Allen, Coburn, Mace, McCool and Elliott had retired. Dwyer died, and Ryan was left with the title, ready to defend it against all comers.

John L. Sullivan, about this time, 1879, had loomed up in Boston, and he was anxious to meet Paddy Ryan, and accordingly a match was arranged. The battle was for \$5,000 and the championship, and ended in Sullivan winning in 9 rounds, 11 minutes. It was a miserable sample of a championship encounter, for Ryan did not display the form and tact of a champion.

Sullivan only fought one regular prize ring encounter from 1882 until 1888. Efforts were made to match pugilists against him without success.

Finally Jake Kilrain, in 1887, drove him to the wall. Sullivan had always put off his challengers with promise that the contest should be with gloves or for a larger amount of stakes than any pugilist could raise. Richard K. Fox decided to put up as large amount of money as Sullivan could have and back Jake Kilrain against him, but he refused to arrange a match, and Kilrain was presented with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and declared champion of America.

Sullivan's failure to defend his title ruined his reputation, and Kilrain is now the recognized champion of the world.

Think one of the most audacious pieces of swindling ever attempted on the sporting public was wrought to light of day. It is not the first, and probably will not be the last time the same scheme has been worked, but if the parties are successful this country will not be large enough to hold the pugilists of such work. The story was printed exclusively in the New York Herald, Oct. 11, and I think it will be read with considerable interest by the many readers of the POLICE GAZETTE.

A conspiracy, cleverly laid and of large proportions—nothing less than to take stealthy possession of all tele-

graphic communication between Jerome Park and New York, and consequently between Jerome Park and all of the other principal betting cities—by this means swindling the pool sellers out of thousands and thousands of dollars, failed yesterday through just one weak link in the chain—a man lacking the villainy and the hardened nerve to carry out the important part that had been especially assigned to him.

The pool sellers may thank their stars for a most lucky escape. The plot was prepared with great perfection of detail, and by men who were all of them thoroughly supplied with the necessary technical knowledge and experience. Who they are is a question that the police would no doubt be glad to answer this morning. But they cannot, although the evidence of their nefarious work was left behind them and may still be seen on the abandoned field of operations.

The ramifications of the scheme were so extensive that pools would have been bought by some of the conspirators not only in New York and Philadelphia, but in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and, it is possible, in Washington, Baltimore and Louisville. The method was, as in former enterprises of the same kind, to be able to control all track news proceeding from Jerome Park, to hold it back, and to substitute other and false news for it, as suited the object of the operators, and to secure cash at the pool-rooms on tickets placed on horses previously agreed upon as he supposititious winners. All this required not only elaborate organization but elaborate preparation.

The men composing the ring are all young. The idea was conceived by a skillful telegraph operator, whose standing in that capacity is very high. He had lost a great deal through betting, and he thought of this plan as an infallible means of making an enormous fortune. The proceeds of one play of the game were estimated in advance at \$100,000, and after pocketing them and fleeing the scene it was quite possible at a later period to work the same thing again and with equal success as some other important race course. The absolutely secret nature of the plan, provided that every man was faithful to the robbers' code of honor, was its greatest recommendation.

The chief conspirator took into his confidence other operators possessing the useful degree of moral obliquity and who were expert at their profession. He had already been over the ground. There is a small three-story house standing within three-quarters of a mile of the Jerome Park course, on the road leading to Deadhead Hill, four blocks from the railroad station, which is owned by Mr. Henry D. Purroy, the Fire Commissioner. Its situation is such as never to invite suspicion. It happened to be vacant, and the rent was only \$30 a month. The head of the ring hired it and paid the rent in advance.

In the meantime the electrical apparatus and material were purchased of Mr. J. H. Bunnell, in Church street, this city, and were quickly transported thither. They consisted of twenty-five battery cells, a four-wire switchboard, 1,800 feet of covered wire, 100 feet of paraffine wire, five boxes relays, 300 feet of office wire, and five telegraph instruments.

At Jerome Park there are three wires connecting with New York. All of them were under the control of the Western Union company. The majority of the city pool rooms get their news of the races by telephone from the operators' room of the main Western Union office. The messages, of course, came originally over the three wires mentioned.

The first thing the conspirators did was to tap these wires, and they adopted a method of doing this which showed that they knew perfectly well what they were about. They managed to enlist by golden promises a lineman in the employ of the Western Union Company. They had to dig a trench between the house and the nearest telegraph pole. In this they buried the 1,800 feet of covered wire which they had twisted into a cable. It was laid only six inches below the surface. Then they set a lineman at work to connect each one of the three wires composing the cable with one of the three wires of the Western Union communicating with the race track. To conceal the portion of the cable which must necessarily be above the surface a groove was cut in the telegraph pole from the ground to the insulators, and it was placed within it. Then the cable was covered over with putty and white lead. Only a very close examination would disclose the fact that pole and wires had been tampered with.

There is always a flaw, however, in the cleverest conspiracies. It is the conscience and inherent cowardice of the evil-doer. The man who strung the wire became frightened and remorseful while he was prosecuting his work in the middle of the night. Every approaching sound made his guilty heart leap to his throat and he frequently gave up the task in abject apprehension, only to return to it again with shame-faced reluctance. His state of mind demanded a confident and he sought several. The secret thus got wind. He abandoned the work already done in a p. n. c. leaving the clandestine wires exposed to view and likely to betray the whole of the sinful enterprise to any passers-by. He did no one knows whether.

The operating-room was fitted up in the basement of the house. Here were ensconced the telegraphers, and they slept on hastily-purchased furniture of the rudest description. Their New York accomplices who were to do the betting and get possession of the money were provided with "tips," so-called, so that they would know exactly how to lay their wagers. A cipher was employed to keep up intelligence between the operators and these men, and between them and conspirators in other cities.

It can readily be seen how the plan would have worked. Every word that was wired from Jerome Park for New York, or vice versa, would have passed along the cable into the den of the conspirators in the basement of the house. If it should prove to be an "innocent" message, one that would not frustrate their scheme, the operators would speed it on its way. But if it was the result of a race it would be held and another sent in its stead. For example should the message have been, "First race, Yum-Yum, first: Sam Harper, second," the names of the horses would have been changed in accordance with a schedule previously arranged by the plotters. Pretty scheme, wasn't it, take it altogether?

But yesterday morning the operators arose to find that it had all been knuckled into a cocked hat. The cable had been dug up by the linemen in a fit of conscience and pieces of it had been flung into the bushes. The disgraced conspirators lost no time in taking their cue. They knew at once that the game was "up." They too, took to their heels. And the whole story was known the moment the house and its surroundings were visited.

One of the telegraph operators engaged in the scheme was seen by a Herald reporter last night. He talked very freely under the promise that no names should be published.

"Were you not afraid of being caught?" he was asked. "Not at all. We had things fixed too well for that. If that infernal linemen hadn't flunked I would be \$10,000 the richer to-night. As it is, I am broke. I put up what I had to help buy the outfit. There were five of us in it—all operators. One man was to be supervisor of the work and four of us were to work the instruments—two to receive and two to send."

"Was not some professional gambler in the scheme?" "No, not one. The men who were to bet the money here and in other cities are personal friends of ours, and have no connection whatever with pool rooms or gambling houses. Of course, they are occasional betters on the races, otherwise they would not be allowed to stake their money in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, where the pool rooms are under a ban. But there was no way by which they could be traced. No man would play more than two races in any one room."

"How about yourselves, don't you think the scheme would have been discovered before the races were over?" "Yes, it might have been, but we provided against that. You know the pool-rooms cash all bets, unless they run too high into the thousands, immediately after the result of the race is known. Our men would be among the first to cash up on each race, and then we were not to give more than four races. Immediately after the fourth race we would hide our outfit and skip, leaving the fifth race to come in all right. No, sir, there was no way by which we could have been balked except by some one giving the thing away or, as happened, the linemen destroying our connection."

WHIP AND SPUR

Coming Great Horse Exhibition in Madison Square Garden

Nov. 5 to 13.

END OF THE OFFICIAL RACING SEASON.

Tom Quinn, the young Lexington bookmaker, won \$10,000 at the Latonia fall meeting.

Corrigan pulled in \$3,000 on Spectator, Saturday, with \$300.

Lot Slocum, by Electioneer, reduced his record to 2:17½ in a trial against time at the Spokane Falls (W. T.) meeting.

Bob Lynn made a visit to his old home at Mayville, Ky. He has had a very successful season, quitting some \$10,000 or \$12,000 winner.

John Dowling, who was out by Jack Chinn at the Latonia race track last week, it is said, will prosecute his assailant to the bitter end.

Cartwright is the king bookmaker, and has made nearly \$100,000 at the business. At his home in Nashville he is one of the most popular men in the profession.

The trotting match between Hinder Wilkes, Bermuda and Baron Wilkes, for a sweepstakes of \$1,000 each, will be trotted the first good day and track next week.

Jockey George Taylor has virtually agreed to go with the Dwyers next season. Taylor can ride at 100 without wasting, and at heavier weights, with lead in the saddle, can ride with the best jockeys.

The relations between Sam Bryant and his partner, Scroggins, are a trifle strained; they are not now jointly interested in anything but Proctor Knott, and report has it that the colt will belong to one or the other before very long.

Fred Folger, 2:30 1-4, will be driven on the road this winter and carefully prepared for the Grand Circuit next year. He will be one of the starters in the next Charter Oak stake if he has as much speed in 1889 as he had at Foughkeeps last June.

Jockey Garrison was lately presented by his employer, B. A. Haggin, with a handsome scarfpin. It is a horse's foot of gold, diamonds and sapphires, the frog enameled and edged with orange, and in the centre the name "Fierzi" in antique letters.

While James Donnelly was exercising a stallion on the race course at Topoka last Friday the saddle turned and Donnelly fell, catching his foot in the stirrup. When the horse was stopped his hind foot came down on the man's head, tearing it from his body.

At Mystic Park, Boston, Oct. 15, Lady Wilkins beat Allan Malt in a pacing race, which, considering the heaviness of the track, was one of the greatest contests ever seen on that course. The winner took the second, third and fourth heats in 2:17, 2:18½ and 2:19½ respectively.

Lexington's fall meeting began Monday and continued during the week. It will serve to bring out a majority of the horses which have been resting up since July, and the best of the campaigners recently seen at Louisville and Latonia. The daily card will consist of four races.

It is reported that the b m Dolly Fuller, by Niagara Chief, died recently in Kentucky. She is the dam of Fuller, 2:15½, and had a foal this season by Kentucky Prince. Dolly Fuller was owned by Dr. McCully, of Toronto, Can., and was sent to Kentucky to be bred to Belmont after Pancoat was injured.

The filly Aloagetta, owned by A. H. Gilbert, of Derby, Conn., who last season as a two-year-old beat the record, having made a mile in 1:37 at Mystic Park, Boston, died suddenly last week. Aloagetta was from Lady Daggett, by Alcantara. Early this summer she was driven a mile on the half-mile track of the Derby Driving Association in 2:27, the last half being trotted in 1:11½ and the last quarter in 34, a 2:16 gait. It is reported that Mr. Gilbert had received an offer of \$25,000 for her but refused it.

The Mimi filly, Mr. Withers' latest sensational two-year-old, is a brown bay with a broad blaze, left hind pastern white, and has a large white spot on the front of her right hind coronet. She has a large, intelligent head, with less dish in her face than most of the King Ernests. She has a long, muscular neck, is deep in the brisket, and, like her dam, Mimi, when the latter was in training, she tucks up rather in the flank, but has a good spread of hips and plenty of power in her quarters and stifles, with good flat legs and round feet, but is a shade upright in her pasterns. She resembles Dewdrop somewhat and more so when in action. She is an own sister to the Mikado, who rated very nearly first-class a few years ago.

For the present year, Clifton and Guttenberg make a fair division of running days. The former association will race on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the latter on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The Clifton course is now very much improved. It is a six-furlong one of great width, which will insure both safety to the competing horses and fair starts for large fields. The grand stand has been enlarged and fitted up with a view to the comfort of the public, and the betting quarters will accommodate from thirty-five to forty bookmakers. Major C. S. Wheeler will remain as presiding judge, and Gabe Caldwell will handle the flag as of yore. It is the intention of the Clifton body to give two \$500 and three \$250 purses daily. Such liberality is bound to attract a good class of horses. Few stakes on the Southern Circuit exceed \$500.

The pa ers are busy building up a table of age records. The following are the best for two, three, and four and five-year-olds:

Five-year-old stallion Roy Wilkes	2:14½
Five-year-old gelding Arrow	2:13
Four-year-old stallion Bessemer	2:16
Four-year-old gelding Arrow	2:14
Four-year-old filly Lillian	2:19½
Three-year-old stallion Doid Feet	2:22½
Three-year-old gelding Adonis	2:20½
Three-year-old filly Gold Leaf	2:15
Two-year-old filly Irma	2:24½

The corresponding records for the trotters are:

Five-year-old stallion Patron	2:14½
Five-year-old gelding Jay-Eye-See	2:10½
Five-year-old filly Rosaline Wilkes	2:18½
Four-year-old stallion Crown	2:19½
Four-year-old gelding Jay-Eye-See	2:19
Four-year-old filly Manzanita	2:16
Three-year-old stallion Sable Wilkes	2:18
Three-year-old gelding Phil Thompson	2:21
Three-year-old filly Hinda Rose	2:19½
Two-year-old stallion Axtell	2:24
Two-year-old gelding Fred Crocker	2:25½
Two-year-old filly Wildflower	2:21
One-year-old stallion Manbrino Blismarck	2:40½
One-year-old filly Noraline	2:31½

Again Mr. J. G. K. Lawrence, of the Coney Island Jockey Club, is the first in the field with a new idea. It is no other than a "double event" for two-year-olds. The first race is to be run on the first day of the June meeting in 1889 over the last five and a half furlongs of the Futurity course, and the second race on the last day of the same meeting, over the whole course. The stake to close Nov. 15, the conditions to be as follows:

Sweepstakes for two-year-olds (foals of 1887), at \$50 each, \$15 forfeit if declared by April 15, or \$25 if by May 15, 1889. Starters \$50 additional, which shall entitle them to start for both races, with \$4,000 added by the C. I. J. C., in the proportion of \$2,500 to the first and \$1,500 to the second race, with \$1,000 additional in plate or money (at the option of the winner) to the owner of the horse winning both races.

Conditions of the first race, to be run on the first day of the June meeting, 1889. Colts to carry 115 pounds, fillies and geldings, 115 pounds, winners of \$3,000 in any one race to carry 4 pounds, of two such races, or one of \$5,000, 7 pounds extra;

maidens never having been placed second for a race of \$3,000 allowed 5 pounds, the winner to receive \$2,000, the second \$500 and the third \$150; five and a half furlongs.

Conditions of the second race, to be run on the last day of the June meeting: Colts, 115 pounds, fillies and geldings, 115 pounds; winners of two races of the value of \$3,000, or one of \$5,000, or of the first race of this stake, to carry 5 pounds extra; maidens never having been placed second for a race of \$3,000 allowed 5 pounds; the winner to receive \$1,000 of the added money and all the subscriptions and starting moneys, the second \$550, and the third \$150 of the added money, three-quarters of a mile.

Madison Square Garden will have a horse show Nov. 5 to 12, inclusive, that will be far ahead of any previous shows of this kind. More than \$15,000 will be given in prizes. The entries closed Oct. 15. The list numbers nearly 400. Among the trotting stallions are J. B. Houston's celebrated Spofford, winner of the \$10,000 prize at Hartford recently, and A. B. Darling's Starlight. F. R. Sturgis, Charles P. Williams, F. Louis Onatavia and Francis T. Underhill have entered horses in the four-in-hand class. For the tandem classes the entries are by M. Asrs, Underhill, Onatavia, W. E. D. Stokes, Williams, Robert Sedgwick, Jr., and S. S. Sands, Jr. Mrs. Langtry has entered in the high-stepping carriage-horse class, and also for the \$100 prize offered by Mr. James M. Waterbury for the best and best appointed lady's turnout. Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of W. K. Vanderbilt, has entered a pony. In the carriage-horse classes are entries by Mrs. James M. Waterbury, Mrs. John Wallace, Mrs. Richard King, Jr., of Morristown; Mrs. John A. Stewart, Jr., Miss Elsie Stevenson, Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting, Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Mrs. T. B. Burnham, Mrs. H. Robert Sedgwick. Polo ponies are entered by H. Lloyd Herbert and Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. There have been three entries for the butchers' prizes of \$100 for the best appointed butcher's cart, two-wheeler, with regular team outfit, and half a dozen for the cabman's special prize of \$75 offered by the association. In addition, the National Association offers cavalry prizes of \$150 and \$50 to commissioned or non-commissioned officers of recognized troops having squads in the cavalry contests. Two hundred dollars is offered by a gentleman of New York for the best-drilled mounted squad of four troopers belonging to some recognized troop. Another prize of \$100 is offered by the First Hussars of New York for a troopers' contest. The judges will be: For thoroughbreds—T. H. Bradford, Col. S. D. Bruce and A. J. Cassatt. Trotters and roadsters—Cortlandt D. Moss, J. W. Ogden and Albert C. Hall. Coaching stallions—A. J. Cassatt, S. D. Bruce and August Belmont. Carriage horses, cobs and ponies in harness—Hugo Fritsch, William Jay and F. K. Sturgis. Saddle horses and ponies, under saddle—Col. Leonard, H. L. Herbert and James K. Keene. Heavy draught horses—H. L. Herbert, Harvey Marsh and James Hefferman.

The official racing season, so far as public betting is concerned, ended Oct. 12. For five months those who "follow the horses" have had to work, that is if they bet, as thousands do, on a majority of the races run each day. Those who do not bet had a fairly good time, with plenty of fresh air and few bad days in the matter of weather. The crowds have been well handled in the matter of transportation to and from the several race tracks, and especially so during the months of July and August in their tri-weekly trips to Monmouth Park. No such trains had ever before been run as those to and from Monmouth Park over the Central and Pennsylvania railroads, while with the Monmouth on the bay route the trip was a luxury. The season has been the best for racing ever recorded, excepting for the three-year-old stakes, and in that respect the deterioration was so conspicuous that it will be well for the racing powers to look into the subject with a view to a remedy. Not only was it a case of failure for the Dwyer stable, which for years has carried off the three-year-old honors, but the Haggin, Belmont, Withers and Baldwin three-year-olds were all, more or less, failures. Mr. Cassatt's only being redeemed by the unexpected performance of Taragon. Excessive two-year-old racing is no doubt the real cause of the trouble, for which the public is primarily to blame. More money is bet on a two-year-old race than on any other, barring, perhaps, some of the big handicaps. The result is that breeders for the last five or six years have been aiming at two-year-old precociousness, with but little regard for the future. Owners have followed in the same vein, and the big winners of 1886, 1887 and 1888 are those who have won the big two-year-old stakes. The associations are like managers of theatres who, finding that trash pays, quickly shelve their more important plays rather than produce them to empty benches. Thus each year sees the distance in the three-year-old fixtures reduced, with the hope to secure enough starters to make the race an attraction. It is to be hoped, however, that the season of 1889 will show some improvement, for although the two-year-olds of 1888 have had a very hard season, there are so many of them that look like training on into first-class form, coupled with an inclination among some owners to win three-year-old honors in 1889, that it is possible there will be a revival, and that ten or a dozen starters will find their way to the post for the Withers, Belmont, Tidal, Lorillard, Travers and other events so popular ten years ago. The races of the two-year-olds and all aged performers of 1888 will have many skillful reviewers between now and Christmas. The great events will all be run over again. With the knowledge of what subsequent events showed, the mistakes made in the summer will not look so glaring when discussed during the long evenings and the soreness caused by lost bets is forgotten.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. S. Bowling Green, O.—2.05½.
H. E. Seattle, W. T.—Middle-weight class.
F. S. B. Jr., Mexico.—Not that we know of.
L. B. Ewing, Neb.—Please be more explicit.
F. Smith, Massillon, O.—Yes; in numerous places.
D. D. K., Platte Centre, Neb.—No; probably in Hoyle's book.
E. F. C. Tobias, Neb.—Send 50 cents to this office for book on training.

H. C. Orange, N. J.—Gilmore's band; Patrick Sarnfield Gilmore, leader.

A. R. H. Providence.—A U. S. dollar bill represents \$1.00 in U. S. money.

M. W. Boston.—Hanian is 33 years of age; Kilrain, 30; Sullivan, 30; Dempsey, 26.

J. S. U. Waco, Tex.—Send in cents, and we will forward you copy of paper containing record.

J. M. M. Muskegon, Mich.—"Police Gazette" rules, over 150 pounds; London P. R. rules, over 154 pounds.

A. F. State College, Pa.—Born in New York, 1845, buried March 11, 1883, in Calvary Cemetery, Long Island, N. Y.

C. S. L. Ovid, Mich.—When the jack is turned up it counts one point for the dealer, and in that case takes precedence of every other point in the score.

C. A. N. Charlton, Ia.—If P cannot show a hand sufficiently good to have opened the pot he not only loses the entire stakes but should also pay a penalty of twice the amount of his original stake. The cards show for themselves. P's mistake was his own fault. N wins the money.

New Reader, Cleveland, O.—No. McCaffrey never knocked out Charley Mitchell. The two boxed four rounds at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 15, 1884, and the decision was given to McCaffrey. The referee had eyes for Donahue only. Had he been able to expand his vision to take in Mitchell also, he would have probably given the honors to Charley, as it was the opinion of the majority present that the latter had the best of the set-to.

W. B. Bangor, Me.—According to the usage of the prize ring and the rules governing matches for the championship, the holder of the title has no right to dictate what amount shall be fought for in a battle for the championship of the world. A champion must defend his title and battle for \$1,000 a side if the challenger insists upon that amount. The limit in England is £200 a side (\$1,000), and the majority of prize ring encounters for the championship have been \$1,000 or £200 a side. In matches in which the stakes exceeded £200 (\$1,000) the amount was determined upon by mutual consent of the champion and the challenger for the championship.

KEEP POSTED ON LATEST SPORTING EVENTS.

Barbers, Saloonkeepers, Clubs and others should not fail to keep the POLICE GAZETTE on file as their patrons will be anxious to keep posted on the coming great fight between the "Police Gazette" champion, Jake Kilrain, and the unknown. If you have no newsdealer, send \$1.00 to this office, and the POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed to you regularly for thirteen weeks.



HUGH J. GALLAGHER,
THE FIREMAN AND PAL OF THE ENGINEER HENRY COOK OF
MUD RUN CELEBRITY.



GOT THE DROP ON HIS FATHER.
GEORGE ROWE, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUTH, OF MAMOMET,
ILL., SHOTS HIS FATHER DURING A QUARREL.



HENRY COOK,
WHO RAN THE TRAIN WHICH CAUSED THE FRIGHTFUL DIS-
ASTER AT MUD RUN.



HE THREW UP HIS HANDS.
BURGLARS BREAK IN THE HOUSTON, TEX., POST OFFICE, OVERPOWER THE CLERK,
ALF. ROBERTS, AND PROCEED TO RIFLE THE MAILS.



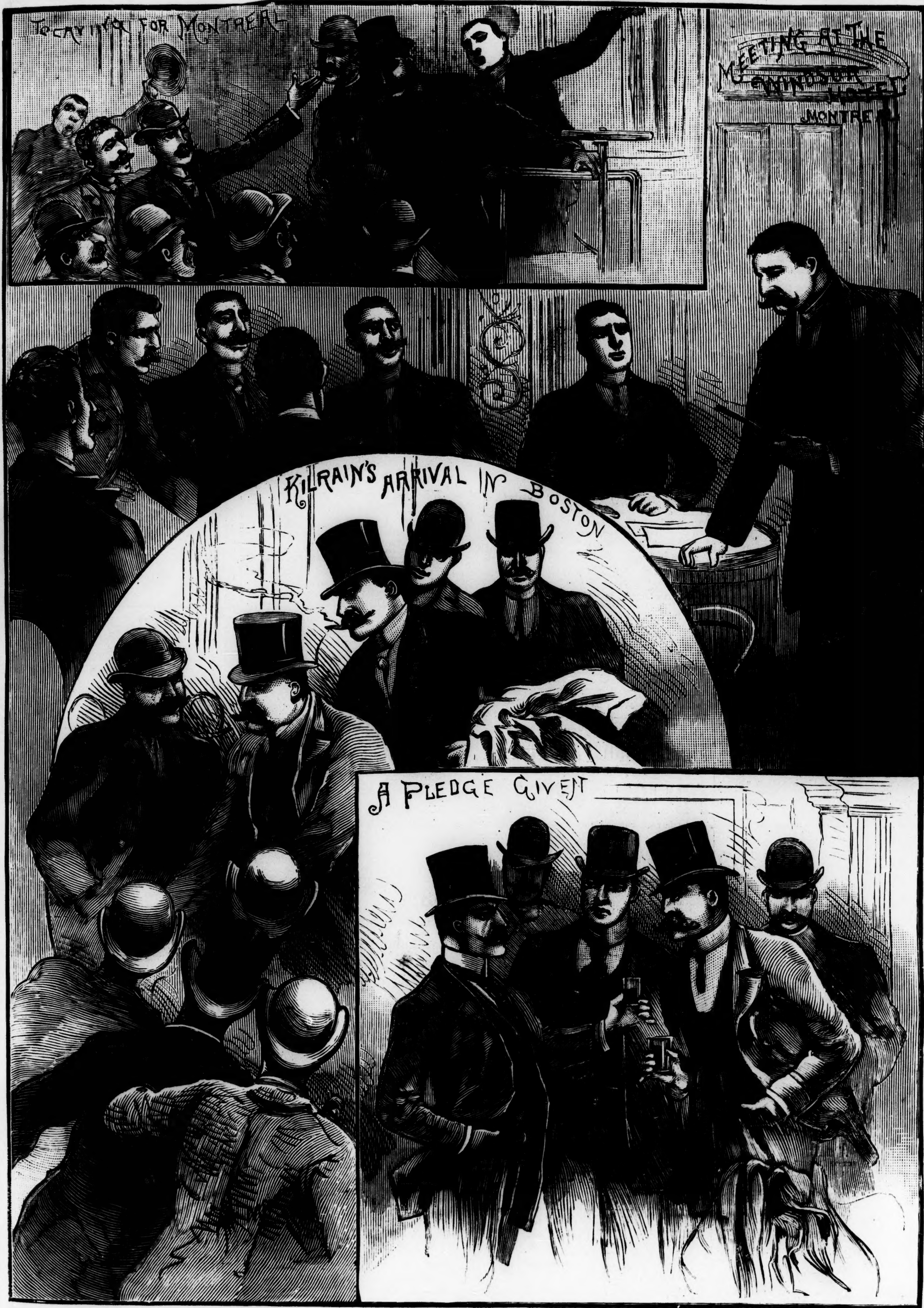
AN ELEPHANT IN A RAGE.
FOREPAUGH'S "CHIEF" BREAKS HIS CHAIN IN HIS WINTER QUARTERS IN PHILA-
DELPHIA, PA., AND IS ONLY SUBDUED BY RIFLE BALLS.



SHE WAS ATTIRED IN SPOTLESS WHITE.
MRS. JOSEPH T. MOORE, OF OAKFIELD, N. Y., SHOTS HERSELF TO SECURE HER RELEASE FROM ALLEGED UNHAPPY MARITAL TIES.



THEY STONED HIM TO DEATH.
THE ALLEGED MURDER OF JOHN WATERS BY THE BOYLE BROTHERS, NAPOLEON REEVES AND DWIGHT SHERMAN AT ADAMS, MASS.



THAT MONTREAL FIASCO.

THE JOURNEY TO CANADA BY CHAMPION KILRAIN AND PARTY TO MEET THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN, WHO DID NOT MATERIALIZE—JAKE'S ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Friday morning last J. B. McClure, a paymaster in the employ of Contractor McFadden, who is building a new branch road from Pittston, Pa., to Fairview for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, says a special from Wilkes-Barre appeared with his assistant, Hugh Flanagan, at the Wyoming National Bank and drew from that institution the sum of \$12,000, with which to pay the men employed in the construction of the new road.

Contractor McFadden left his office on the mountain a few minutes after 11 o'clock for Miner's Mills. He drove about a mile and a half along the mountain road and was astonished to see standing in the middle of the highway his paymaster's horse and gig. The horse was bleeding from a number of wounds. Between the wheels lay the body of Paymaster McClure. McFadden jumped out of his carriage, turned McClure over on his back and found that he was dead. A number of ugly gunshot wounds in various parts of his body showed the cause of death. The contractor drove back immediately to his works and told his foreman, Alexander McQuinn, and they, hastily arming themselves, went back to the scene of the murder. After a short search they found the dead body of the guard.

THE WOMEN SCREAMED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The excursion train from Goshen, Ind., on Wednesday night was raided by a gang of pickpockets, who inaugurated a reign of terror on the train. In one of the coaches reserved for ladies from Warsaw men climbed all over the seats, and it is estimated that fully two hundred people were jammed into the coach. Fights and brawls were frequent, during which the light-fingered gentry got in their work, and whenever the trainmen rushed in to quell a disturbance the terrified passengers would not dare to point out the thieves. The crooks, besides taking watches and pocketbooks, boldly stole checks out of passengers' hats and rode on them. Several pistol shots were fired and one man was severely wounded. He was taken off the train at Warsaw. The ladies on the train screamed almost constantly and it is reported that several fainted.

FLORENCE ASHBROOKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Florence Ashbrooke, whose expressive face adorns our theatrical gallery this week, was born in Stratford-on-Avon. She made her first appearance on the stage at Brighton, England, with Tom Thorne's company, playing *Tilly Shallop* in "The Cricket on the Hearth." On coming to America, Miss Ashbrooke played one season with Rose Estlin; played forty weeks in comic opera, and afterward joined Edward E. Rice's burlesque company and remained with him two years. Miss Ashbrooke did herself credit in "Adonis" and "Evangeline" by her dancing. Then followed a season with Louise Balf and an engagement with Frank A. Tannahill. At present Miss Ashbrooke is the *Sun Queen* in W. J. Gilmore's "Twelve Temptations" company, and has won golden opinions from press and public.

HE TREW UP HIS HANDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Houston, Tex., post office was robbed on Friday morning at an early hour. Alf Roberts, the night clerk, was found lying upon the floor in an unconscious condition a few minutes after the robbery left. A negro employed by the *Daily Post* to take its early mail to the office had been there with one or two packages of mail, and was due again when two men entered. At that moment Roberts was at the money desk, and one of the men stood at his side with a drawn pistol before he knew that any one was in the office. The intruder ordered him to throw up his hands, which he did. The other then gagged him, bound him in a chair, and after forcing a quantity of whiskey down his throat, proceeded to rip open the mail pouches that contained money.

AN ELEPHANT IN A RAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Chief," Adam Forepaugh's ponderous elephant, which ranks next to Dilliver, the largest in size in captivity, lies probably fatally wounded under the covering of the winter quarters, Elcomont avenue, above Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., from twenty-five rifle shots which were fired into his body the other evening after he had broken loose from Dilliver while being taken out of the cage. Chief created a panic among the employees of the circus when he got away from his companion, and was not brought into submission until he had knocked down nearly a dozen men and smashed many chairs and benches.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S DEMENTED ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Prof. Curtis B. Willey, sixty-seven years old, was found dead in Tawanda Creek, Batavia, N. Y., Wednesday afternoon. He had removed a watch and a shawl which he always wore, leaving them on the bank, and had evidently walked into the stream until the water reached his waist, and then tending his body forward drowned himself. Financial and domestic troubles had driven him insane. For many years Prof. Willey was a successful educator, years ago conducting a flourishing private school here. His wife and a daughter are residents of the eastern part of the State.

THEY STONED HIM TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Waters on Sunday night went to the house of James and Martin Boyle, in Adams, Mass. The Boyles, Napoleon Reeves and Dwight Sherman were there, and the party drank. Shortly afterwards Waters' wife knocked, and on being refused admission she kicked in the door, insisting that her husband should leave the place. Finally Waters and wife left, followed by the rest of the party, who stoned them. Waters was hit on the head and his skull fractured. He managed to get into a house near by, where he died. His assailants were arrested.

"OUR CHAMPION, JAKE KILRAIN."

Special attention is called to the latest song with the above title, by the eminent composer, Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld. The entire song, with words and music, will shortly be published in this paper. Look out for the issue containing it. As the song has been copyrighted by Mr. Richard K. Fox, those wishing to obtain copies may apply to this office. Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld wrote the *Evening Sun's* "Red Bandanna" song for the Democrats, "Tippence and Morton, Too," for the Republicans, and "Belva Dear" for the Woman's Rights

party, besides numerous other partisan and non-partisan productions. As an exponent of musical versatility Mr. Rosenfeld stands at the head of modern originality.

STRUCK DOWN BY HIGHWAYMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Major Rufus King, a member of Gov. Green's staff, was assaulted by a highwayman early Wednesday evening in a lonesome locality in North Elizabeth, N. J., while walking from the railroad station to his home. The ruffian was secreted behind some bushes, and as Major King went by he came from his hiding place and struck him a blow on the head with a club. The Major shrieked as he fell to the ground. His outcry was heard by two men in the vicinity, but they were unable to overtake the highwayman.

GOT THE DROP ON HIS FATHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Rowe, 18 years old, the son of James Rowe, of Mamouet, Ill., shot his father on Wednesday, the ball passing through his neck. The father will die. Rowe was a butcher, and kept a small stock of goods. He charged George with stealing cigars from the show case, and a quarrel resulted. The father threw a scale weight at his son, who immediately drew a revolver and fired. He was arrested and is lodged in the county jail at Urbana to await the result of the wounds.

SET FIRE TO THE BED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Bensen avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., while ill with typhoid fever and delirious set fire to the bed clothes on her bed, and then jumped into the flames. She died on Sunday from the burns she received.

WANTED—PHOTOS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

The POLICE GAZETTE will pay liberally for all photographs and original drawings pertaining to subjects suitable for illustration in its columns. In all cases where illustrations submitted to the GAZETTE for publication are of purely local interest they must be accompanied by newspaper clippings as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the senders. Artists, photographers and correspondents are requested to send their names to the publisher, Richard K. Fox.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for its use and use. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD DR. CATON'S GOODS ARE RELIABLE. See advt.

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SYPHILIS CAN BE CURED by the COOK REMEDY CO., Omaha, Neb.

PHOTOS 20 lovely full length beauties, only 10¢; 60 for 25¢. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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French Transparent Playing Cards, each card containing a rare scene, visible only when held to the light. Full pack (53) by mail or ex., \$1. Colored life scenes of men and women, perfectly natural and true to nature, two companion pictures, four scenes, 25¢; six pictures, 12 scenes, 50¢. The cards, a set of pictures and some exquisite poetry, by mail, secure from observation and warranted satisfactory for a \$1 bill. Address FRENCH IMP'G CO., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

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Imported Pictures for Gents, Man and Woman together, natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1; sold 5 years ago for \$1 each. We guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the finest pictures in this or any foreign market. One set (12) safely by mail, \$1.

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Get the set of four pretty French girls, highly colored and in interesting positions, 15¢; no two alike, 14 SPIRITED pictures, exhibiting a young couple in all sorts of amusing and novel positions, 10¢. Box 12, No. 34 Church St., New York.

SPORTS BUDGET. Set of 12 fancy pictures, Man and Woman together, with book of 100 rare Secrets and 40 racy Photos, by mail (sealed), for \$1 bill. Address BEST, Box 318, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOS Our sets of six choice cabinets, from nature, sent sealed, \$1. Two samples, 50¢. STATE SUP. AGENCY Box 7, Camden, N. J.

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Gents, do you want female photos from nature? We have them, full length. Art to the rescue. Doz., 10¢; 5 doz., 25¢, sealed. HIRSHUT CO., Palestine, Ill.

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40 Rich Photos for Gents—sure to suit, 10¢. 20 Rich Photos, for Gents. Sure to suit, 10¢; 60 for 25¢. Large cat. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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RUBBER Goods for Gents, 25 cents; 3 for 50 cents; 9 for \$1. Ladies, 50¢; 3 for \$1. Ladies' Silent Friend, 25¢; 3 for \$1, which I guarantee to be made of the very best French material. T. H. JONES, Box 302, Jersey City.

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Ladies' Princess Shields—Pat.—50 cents; 3 for \$1.00. J. O. HANSON, Chicago, Ill.

Rubber Article, 10¢. Drawer W, Camden, N. J.

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works and cases of equal value.

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can secure one free. How is

this possible? We answer—we want

one person in each locality, to keep

in their homes, and show to those

who call, a complete line of our val-

uable and very useful Household Samples. These sam-

ples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept

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may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to

make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold watch and

costly samples free, as the showing of the samples in any local-

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to \$5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most

wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may

be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write

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trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your

home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on

which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you

do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send

your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid

gold watches in the world and our large line of Costly Sam-

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